

SPRINTING INSTITUTION

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS, NO. 300 BROADWAY—TERMS TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE; SINGLE COPIES, FIVE CENTS.

VOL. II.—NO. 6.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1853.

WHOLE NO. 58.

The Principles of Nature.

SPIRITUALITY AND INSANITY.

BY DR. J. B. BUCHANAN.

Having vindicated the claims of a rational Spiritualism, in the *Journal of Man*, I desire through the columns of the *Spiritual Telegraph*, to make a few remarks upon the prevalent charge, that Spiritualism tends to insanity. The numerous statements, that insanity has been produced by attention paid to spiritual rappings, the reports of lunatic asylums, and the extensive circulation of the charge by the press, render it highly important that the cultivators of Spiritualism should be prepared with a ready answer to this plausible and emphatic objection.

Notwithstanding the numerous exaggerations and misstatements upon this subject, there is no doubt that many recent cases of insanity have had a connection with the phenomena of Spiritualism; and to those who do not reflect upon the true causes of insanity, such cases present an impressive warning against giving much attention to Spiritual phenomena.

The investigation of this subject, by the light of our new ANTHROPOLOGY, will show that Spiritualists, so far from being abashed by the mention of these facts, may find in them a cogent proof of the necessity for the new demonstrations which are now in progress, from the sphere of spirit life. The records of lunatic asylums, everywhere, show that one of the leading causes of insanity is what is called religion. In some cases, religion (so called) is the leading cause, excelling any other single source of mental derangement; and in all reports, religion occupies a very prominent place. In the last report of the Lunatic Asylum of the State of Ohio, religious anxiety and intemperate drinking take the lead of all other causes of insanity, and the religious cause exceeds intemperance in the number of lunatics it has produced.

The intoxicating effect of alcoholic drinks so nearly resembles insanity, that a well-known medical professor has published an essay upon intemperance or intoxication as a form of insanity. If the debasing and insanifying power of alcohol can be excelled by the depressing and deranging power of an animal excitement, falsely called religion, should we not expect that when society contains a large number of melancholic excitable individuals, half crazed already by pseudo-religious terrorism, and deprived by ignorance and superstition of every protection against delusion, that every suggestion, whether reformatory or otherwise, which involves the consideration of religious subjects, should be caught at by such persons and become a prominent idea in their hallucinations?

Why is it that religion is thus connected with insanity? Benevolence and justice are not causes of insanity; genius and wisdom are not sources of mental derangement; philanthropy, hope, love, heroism, lofty and patriotic ambition—all that ennobles the character of man—lifts him far above the sphere of mental derangement. True religion, so far from tending to mental derangement, elevates, brightens, and ennobles the intellect, and qualifies man for the noblest and highest inspiration. I speak not vaguely of matters of opinion and observation, but with reference to positive results of accurate cerebral science; and I affirm that, in proportion as genuine religion prevails, the intellect of mankind will become universally more clear, more brilliant, more original, more receptive of truth, and more capable of resisting any insane tendency. But if we examine the theological customs which are fashionable, and the theological notions which are still propagated in our country, with immense moral and animal force, we shall find that the prevalent spirit of the antique orthodoxy, is essentially insanity; that wherever orthodoxy, in all its power and vitality, is sufficiently active, insanity abounds, and that a large portion of the doctrines or incalculations of the pulpit tends directly to the production of insanity.

Insanity is a form of mental action, connected with the basilar region of the brain, where the arteries enter, and associate with the fierce, violent, and depressing passions. The leading object with many clergymen is to overwhelm their audiences by exciting the passion of terror. Delicate females are often driven into a temporary species of insanity, convulsions, trances, and various forms of hysteria, and nervous agitation, by the alarming excitement which such clergymen produce. They rise before the audience with immense animal force, and pour forth their scathing invective, as if dealing forth, in person, the thunders of an angry Divinity, expecting to succeed in proportion to the amount of terror which they excite. A state of extreme terror is so nearly akin to insanity, as to render the individual, for the time being, entirely irrational. But, not satisfied with exciting the wildest fear, the clergyman endeavors still further to debase the timid among his audience, by destroying all their self-respect and serenity of conscience. He tells them that they are utterly unworthy and base, and fit only for instant destruction; and, with all the power of his imagination, he paints their destruction as hovering over their heads, and, in the midst of this intense excitement and debasement of spirit which he

produces, he labors to increase their mental excitement in every possible manner, and to rouse the imagination to the highest pitch of energy, while his wild declamation silences reason. He paints the vast panorama of heaven and hell, sketches imaginary scenes, looks aloft as if beholding gods and angels coming down in the clouds, and thus, with convulsive energy, rouses that wildness of imagination which produces spectral illusions, while the paralyzed reason and excited passions render his hearers ready to grasp at any delusion which may be impressed upon their minds.

It is not only terror and remorse, but still gloomier and more desperate feelings which the clergyman arouses. He paints and exaggerates with all the fervor of an inspired hypochondriac the misery, worthlessness, and gloom of life, and the utter hopelessness of the future, reviving the sorrows of the afflicted, and depressing the spirits of all with imaginary horrors, until it is certain that even if he fails in impressing a mesmeric delusion for the time, he leaves the mind in a depressed, gloomy, and imaginative condition, liable to going on in the same direction, ending in confirmed melancholy and suicide; or else, by sheer depression, driving the individual finally to take refuge in some form of superstition which may pacify his fear.

It is true, there is a large amount of more rational and humane teaching from the pulpit, but every one knows that the kind of preaching which I have described has been extremely prevalent, and that the reign of terror in the pulpit is not yet at an end. Under this gloomy system of bugbear terror, death and a future life have been uniformly associated with sentiments of horror and despair, and every religious subject has been contemplated in a mood of mind much nearer to insanity than to philosophy or wisdom.

Under such teachings, counterfeit religion has become one of the great tributaries of the mad-house; and so large a portion of the community have grown up under this system of terrorism and insanity, that it is impossible to agitate any of the great questions connected with death, spiritual life, revelation, and the immortal destiny of man, without bringing into renewed activity the same class of gloomy, terrible, and deranging influences. Hence, the first agitation of Spiritualism rouses the old elements of spiritual disorder, and in the violent antagonism between this gloomy orthodoxy and the sunny truths of Nature, the poor victim of antique delusion, struggling with all his power to resist the reception of truth, rouses all the wild elements of mental disorder in his nature, and his departing faith, like an evil spirit, agitates his entire constitution before leaving it forever in the peaceful possession of philosophic truth.

It is thus in the expulsion of all old errors: they terribly disturb our peace as they take their departure, and the calmer, more beautiful, and elevated the truth may be which succeeds, the more intense the struggle against it, the more violent the resistance against light, purity, and love, by that which is born of terror, despair, and hate. I therefore say at once, in reference to all cases of insanity imputed to Spiritual rappings, that the charge is false; and that all such cases of insanity are attributable solely to that great chronic insanity in the world's opinions—that theological infernalism which has ever been the chief patron of the mad-house, and which inflicts its curses as it takes its departure. And in proof of the fact, that a gloomy theology has been almost the sole source of the cases of insanity now in question, I defy the production of a single instance in which a man of rational mind, who had not previously been deluded and filled with superstitious terrors, has ever become insane from his interest in Spiritual communications. So far from producing insanity, the Spiritual faculties, which blend in a happy union the intellectual and religious elements of our nature, have a remarkable tendency to tranquilize the mind, to elevate the hopes, to give brightness to the intellect, to dispel every gloomy and painful emotion, and to remove the individual far from the sphere of bigotry, terror, and insanity. Thousands can already attest the fact, that Spiritualism has given them a happiness and peace of mind, a rectitude of judgment, a practical wisdom, and a cheerful philanthropy, which they had never before enjoyed.

So great a change must be accompanied by some degree of mental agitation, arising from the resistance against innovation, but the end, which is soon arrived at, is peace and harmony. When a sudden shower of rain falls upon a dusty road, the first scattering drops but raise additional clouds of dust, until it is washed to the earth and permanently laid by a more rapid shower. Thus is Spiritualism at the present time laying the dust which has heretofore blinded the eyes of mankind, and it can not be long before it will be generally admitted that Spiritualism, so far from causing insanity, has a remarkably happy influence in fortifying the mind against it.

Let all Spiritualists, then, boldly charge upon a gloomy orthodoxy, and the faithless materialism to which it is allied, the entire guilt of the cases of insanity which are now so falsely charged to Spiritual rappings, and let them point to the calm and happy serenity of true Spiritualists as the proper exhibition of the tendency of their doctrines.

A THOUGHT FOR ATHEISTS.

As he who demonstrates, to his own consciousness, the existence of a God, demonstrates *not* the existence of a God in reality, but only puts forth a faint image of *himself*, so I should but feebly demonstrate myself to the perceptions of another, by any attempt to image the properties and powers of God. Yet as water, had it sensation (and I know not but it has) would have some consciousness of the exterior dimensions and quality of the vessel that contained it, so man, through his consciousness (which, for convenience we term five or more senses, and his intuitions), by degrees of expansion and ratiocination, touches the various manifestations of an existing and conscious Deity, and thus arrives at a faint conception of His attributes and will. All of this, but for the faults of his education, or his want of one, and the antagonism of sects and creeds, he would at once admit; not because he can demonstrate, but because he intuitively feels the presence of God. So the child, in the first burst of joyous being, realizes the presence of his father by the gladness of that father's eye, and of his mother by the fond embrace and the protecting care of *her arms* and breast; but yet that child can never comprehend what a father is, nor feel the obligations of a child, though learned as Humboldt, until he becomes a parent himself. Neither can I comprehend what a God is until I become one; but as the child may not deny the existence of a father, because he is not one himself, and can not prove a non-existence of himself, so I may not deny the existence of a God, because I am not one myself, and can not prove one.

But as the container is greater than the thing contained, so my nature or attributes of consciousness, will, intuition, etc., must be the product of a vaster will or power than myself, else they could not exist. And as not any thing that is can spring from nothing, or even from any thing inferior to itself, so the conclusion is inevitable, that what the Atheist would term "a principle," or a thousand of them—a Nature or law of Nature, or a thousand of these, each the equivalents of "chance," or a fortuitous concurrence of atoms and events (*vide* "Bible of Nature")—the conclusion is inevitable, I say, that a conscious power, with a will and aims equal to the results produced, must exist, or every thing that does exist resolves itself into non-existence. But as I am certain that I exist, because I am conscious of it, while I can not prove why or how I exist, so God exists to me, because I am intuitively conscious of it, even though I can not prove it to a demonstration, because I am not God myself.

Were I in doubt of a God, however, I could appeal to every Atheist or Pantheist that ever wrote, for proof that there is one; for every demonstration ever yet made by the God-denier to prove the non-existence of one, as clearly demonstrates to my perception that God does exist, as that the Atheist himself exists; for that very potency he ascribes to Nature and its laws at times, to certain vague "principles," at others, reveals, as did the tablet erected to "the Unknown God," by the Athenians, that an innate consciousness of his own perceives one, mightier and more incomprehensible than the loftiest intellect can delineate or describe. And yet he battles on, not because he describes no God, but because the God he would and should adore is greater than his own conceptions; or because some bungling Theist—some God maker—some makers of images in the likeness of themselves, have daubed upon the canvas of eternity an almighty caricature of their own littleness and imbecility, worse than the almighty nothing of Atheism, to whom a character is given so utterly inhuman and unjust, or so utterly imaginary and intangible, that the coward shrinks from it, and the sensible laugh at it!

The only error of the Atheist, then, is, that he loses his own identity, and that of Deity, in the substitution of words for things, and finds an unconscious law of Nature, or some ideal "principle," upon which he bases the existence of Nature, instead of basing it upon the will of that God. Yet he daily performs actions; lifts himself from the ground, or throws himself along its surface, despite the gravity of his body, or raises his hand to his head, or performs every function of a conscious will, and sees an intelligence in each act, but can not or will not perceive in any thing that surrounds him, the manifestations of a living and conscious will or God! "Much learning hath made him mad," or his own towering egotism is so selfishly infirm, that God must be measured by himself, or can have no existence. Or the poor apologies for a God, whom the Theist would consecrate, while he perceives none more worthy his own adoration, has stupefied and annulled his perception of causes and effects and the necessary existence of a power to *will* them.

Why can not the Atheist as readily conceive that the will of God moves matter, and adapts it to His own eternal purposes and happiness and that of his creatures, as that his own will moves his hand, and through that hand moves outer things and constructs every possible convenience of civilization and enjoyment within the compass of his desires? And why can not he perceive, in the *supposed* insensible functions of man's dual organization, a resident, or at least controlling God, as well as to *suppose* that the processes of digestion, circulation of the blood, assimilation of food, defecation, procreation of

species, the restoration of broken bones, etc., etc., are the result solely of unconscious "principles," or undesigning and insensible "laws of Nature?" For, if either of these operations so effectually, wisely, and even *affectionately* performed, are performed without an intelligence or will, then has man neither intelligence, will, nor affections, nor does even *ideality* exist, and ourselves, our sensations, and every thing we imagine, are but idealities, nonentities—nothings! But we *know* we exist—we *conscience* we exist, and we intuitively apprehend the existence of a God greater or smaller than ourselves, and we can never deny that existence but from ignorance or bad motives, or through the imperfections of language, and the temper and constitution of our age and times.

Stand aside, then, Mr. "Moore," Mr. "Plato," and Mr. "Materialist;" but be not overawed as you gaze upward; and having looked awhile, be prepared to say that, at least as much intelligent consciousness was necessary to the existence of a *living* universe, as to the construction of a staff, house, or barn; and while you detect in yourself a suggestiveness and a *will* equal to the adaptation of means to a desirable end for your own comfort and that of your children, imagine, if you can not demonstrate, that a still vaster and more incomprehensible Love and Intelligence, than your own—a Love and Intelligence, "in whom you live and move and have your being," fills and forms that which you taste or touch in part, and comprehend in part, but which would require an eternity to explore it, even if you traveled as light travels, and more than that to comprehend it! And if it is a fact that you can will and act even on earth in despite of every supposed "principle" or "law of Nature"—against all that you call gravity, density, and affinity in matter—you may suppose it just as possible that God holds together the material elements by His *will*, rather than that gravity is an insensible product of an insensible cause. And when you can describe the ultimate cause of a particle of dust aside from the supposition of a something equal to God, then doubt and deny his existence, and that of Spirits, too. And when you can prove that you are *not* a spirit (and the fact that you can lift yourself from the ground by your will acting upon your limbs as levers despite all "laws," demonstrates the contrary), then deny that God exists as a Spirit. But if He does exist as such, what is more probable than that He is the Father of all Spirits? Or, what is more probable than that, when educated in the school of this life, we are transferred by him to the higher schools of an eternal life—a Spiritual life? To me the thought is one of pleasure, though contrary to all my former convictions and philosophies; and since I have seen tables repeatedly move without any conceivable aid of human beings, and evince perfect intelligence, there is nothing unreasonable to me in the idea that all things I witness are but the manifestations of the will of God. Whether referred to material, or to the mightier imponderable, agents, or whether produced by od or any other probable force of the human organization, these phenomena but enhance the probability of the existence of God as a Spirit, since we can prove ourselves to be such imperfectly, as I have above illustrated.

Let the Atheist, then, review his premises and conclusions, and substitute the *thing* spoken of for the word describing it, and he will see life in every thing, and conscious sensation in most things; and the very intuitions of his spirit that compel him to doubt God and the gods of the Theists, will plant him upon the foundation of a Deism and Spiritualism that will console him while living, if not immortalize him beyond the grave. But I would make no lamentation over his want of conviction in the line of my thought; for the personality I, known as Wm. J. Young, sympathizing with all, condemn none, and believes that each individual of his species is what God designs he should be.

One word as to the "*zoos perseus*," the supposed primary of the human being. That man springs from *this*, which weighs but the one hundred and forty thousand millionth of a grain, may be true; that it possesses some species of life may be also true; but this would only enlarge my conception of God, instead of diminishing my faith in his existence and power. But human investigation has not decided the point whether two of these animalcule, one from each party, are not necessary to the inception of the human germ; nor does the fact of their existence prove that they are the necessary adjuncts of conception any more than the existence of equally imperceptible germs in the water we drink, or the air we inhale, demonstrate them necessary to the process of oxygenation of the blood. Nor does the fact that all things that exist are "as the conditions of the times when they exist," demonstrate any more than the *zoos perseus* does, because the conditions of the times may have been according to an anterior will producing those conditions. Such, indeed, was, and is, the state of things under the theory of blind causes and unconscious "principles," and all the error of theorists upon this subject, as it seems to me, lies in the direction of the assumption that *they* are the fitting judges of what should be the processes by which He should accomplish His aims, and of the order of them, and the mode of their manifestations.

But were the world to be dissolved in fire thrice over, and were each new accretion of its particles, from stage to stage

of its re-creation, to develop each its orders of vital consciousness, higher and higher in grade, this would only increase my conception of my own littleness, and of the love and intelligence of God; for I never had the vanity to suppose that man, that vilest compost of all earthly things, if still the most intelligent, had ever the right to exclaim, "See God for me, and all things for my use!" Besides this, the point suggested by "Plato," and assumed by geologists in general, that the earth and all other orbs were once in a state of fusion, and slowly, through various gradations, divided into suns and planets, or that they may again become so transformed, goes further to demonstrate a conscious will as the *moving* cause, than to prove that any unconscious law of gravity, or "of Nature," or any unintelligent "principles," or a thousand of *these*, caused these results or accommodated causes to effects, and affects to the production of sensitive beings, and again and again repeated the process.

There are, however, no involutions of words, no repetitions of effects, that can prove the existence of God. He has impressed himself upon our being, and we intuitively and unconsciously adore and admit him to exist, and only war upon the idealities of each other's creation instead of him.

WM. J. YOUNG.

PSYCHOLOGICAL.

Under the head of "Psychological Phenomena Developed by Physical Derangements," Wm. Fishbough, in a late number of the *Phrenological Journal*, states the following among other important facts:

The next case was related to me by Mr. Joseph Dixon, now of Jersey City. About the year 1822, Mr. D. suffered an attack of bilious fever, and during the worst stage of the disease was, for a portion of the time, as it was thought, delirious. While in a state thus characterized by the members of his family, he one day described his father, who was then at sea, as being engaged, with others, in a battle with the crews of two piratical vessels. He described the party who attacked the pirates as being drawn up in four boats before their vessels, and his father appeared to be aboard one of these boats, and he seemed to be standing by his side. He saw his father struck in the breast by a bullet which had passed through a man's head who stood before him in the same boat, and immediately exclaimed, "O, my father is shot." He said his father seemed immediately to answer him, saying, "No, my son, I am not injured;" on saying which he took the bullet from his breast and put it into his vest pocket. At the same instant a brutish-looking man appeared on the gunwale of one of the piratical vessels, flourishing a broadsword, and challenging the boat's crew to come aboard. His father immediately seized the loaded musket which had been dropped by the man through whose head the bullet had passed, and fired upon the wretch, who fell, pierced by half a dozen other bullets, which were directed to him at the same time; and the pirates, seemingly disconcerted at the loss of a leader, immediately set sail and escaped.

All these particulars were related by Mr. D. while in a state which his attendants pronounced delirium; but when his father returned, after the lapse of several months, he confirmed the description in every particular, and produced the bullet which had struck him in the breast, and which he had brought home in his vest pocket. The battle with the pirates had taken place on the south side of the island of Cuba, and on the very day on which the son's description had been given.

A psychological phenomenon very similar to the foregoing, also caused by a physical disturbance, was related by Plutarch, as having occurred to one Thespesios of Soli. This individual accidentally fell from an eminence upon his neck; and though he received no wound, he apparently died in consequence of the fall. Three days afterward, however, he revived, when upon the very point of being interred; and he subsequently related wonderful experiences through which he had passed during the insensible state of his body. He said, among other things, that "when his rational soul left the body, he felt like a pilot hurled out of his vessel into the depths of the sea. He then raised himself up, and his whole being seemed on a sudden to breathe, and to look about it on every side, as if the soul had been all eye. He saw nothing of the previous objects, but beheld the enormous stars at an immense distance from each other, endowed with admirable radiance, and uttering wonderful sounds; while his soul glided gently and easily along, borne by a stream of light in every direction." While in this state he also saw the souls of many other persons. These were in perfect human form, and were in various conditions, favorable or otherwise, according to their respective moral states while in this life. By one of these he was informed that he was not yet dead, but by a particular providence of the gods had been permitted to come there as to his rational spirit, while his soul had been left behind, as an anchor, in his body; and after receiving important instruction as to the modes in which divine justice was administered both in the natural and spiritual worlds, he felt suddenly impelled forward as in a gale of wind, and thus was forced back to his body, and came to life again at the place of interment.

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1853.

THE HARTFORD CONVENTION.

There were present at the Bible Convention men of almost every shade of political, social, and religious faith, as well as some who have little or no faith whatever. While there were many persons of exalted character and distinguished abilities among the number, it was obvious that the elements composing the body were somewhat incongruous, as was certainly to be expected in view of the very tolerant and catholic spirit which dictated the call. It evidently was not, in any especial sense, a convention of Spiritualists, and it is worthy of remark, that the time was principally occupied by speakers who are either opposed to Spiritualism, or quite indifferent to its principles. Several of the speakers who denied the divine origin, authority, and morality of the Bible, spoke with remarkable earnestness and power, but some of their ablest efforts were rendered less acceptable, at least to a portion of the audience, on account of the acrimonious spirit which was, occasionally, permitted to clothe an idea in offensive forms of speech. We thought that the clergy—not a few individual examples, but as a class—were denounced, by two or three of the speakers, with unbecoming freedom and severity. For ourselves we must first be satisfied that a man has some little disposition to practice the principles of common honesty before we can, consistently with our self-respect, invite him to a parley. Surely nothing valuable can be lost by the exercise of a charitable and magnanimous spirit, and if the clergy are especially destitute of this, they, of all others, most need to witness some illustrious examples.

We intend no direct personal application of these remarks, or offensive criticism of any of the speakers who addressed the Convention. We are not disposed to be captious, and certainly feel little inclination to complain of those who are deeply and wholly absorbed with enterprises which claim for their object the emancipation of humanity. The peculiar modes of operation adopted by those friends may not, and they certainly do not, accord with the decisions of our judgment, but, for aught that we are authorized to affirm, they may be laboring more effectively in their own way, than we may be able to do in ours. Nevertheless, we have our convictions, and must express them if we speak at all, and so long as it is characteristic of the dogmatist to assert and denounce, and of the philosopher to inquire and to reason, we shall not fail to mark the distinction and to manifest our preference.

Our observation and experience hitherto have served to establish us in the conviction that no very great and beneficial result can be secured by a partial and one-sided presentation of any subject. We apprehend that Reformers are liable to err in this respect. In their opposition to the established customs, the deified errors, and the hoary abuses of the old World that is passing away, they sometimes transcend the bounds of moderation and justice, and injure the cause they espouse. The disposition to condemn indiscriminately the individual and his errors—the man and the measure—the humanity and the existing institution—is not, in our judgment, conducive to any important interest, or worthy the sanction of an enlightened and spiritual philosophy. Those who have received their earliest and most enduring impressions, whose habits of thought and modes of action have been formed under the present perverted and unnatural order of society, are subject to numerous evils which have their origin in the circumstances of birth, education, and geographical position, and for which the individual can not, on any principle of justice, be held strictly responsible. We suffer under accumulated ills whose remote origin is to be found in the ignorance and misdirection of other times, and which have not ceased to flow down to us through the veins of bygone and forgotten generations. He is not born to the most fortunate destiny who unconsciously becomes the inheritor of these evils.

Our manner of life—the circumstances of our social position—the original constitution of man, and even existence itself, is governed, wholly or in part, by causes which lie beyond the sphere of individual human agency. We should, therefore, hesitate to denounce the erring, lest we condemn as criminal those whose misfortunes demand our commiseration. Men naturally cling to their preconceived opinions—the impressions of early childhood are deep and lasting—and we cherish the associations of youth by a law to which the human heart was never insensible. To expect that the man will escape the power of habit, and break away from the dominion of old customs and institutions in a moment, argues a perversion of intellect and an imbecility of reason wholly incompatible with success in any great humanitarian mission. And yet, precisely here do many reformers commit an error which is fatal to their influence for good. They expect to change—suddenly—in others, the whole current of thought and feeling, and because their hopes are not realized, they straightway suspect the motives and rudely denounce the conduct of men. Thus to abolish the existing evil, they condemn those who are its victims; and in many cases this is the *ne plus ultra* of all their efforts for reform. This is unreasonable, and involves a mistake to which no truly philosophic mind was ever liable. What if these men have struggled long, and with an honest purpose of soul, against the gigantic evils which oppress man and make the earth desolate? Has it not been by a gradual process, and at the expense of much toil and effort, that they have acquired the knowledge they possess, and have reached their present advanced position? And if the point of present attainments—if all that they are and all that they possess, is with them but the accumulated result of all past time, and the acquisition of all previous labor, with what semblance of propriety can others be expected to make the same advance *at once*, to reach the identical point of observation and the same stage of development, so as to see all things in the same light, and think, and feel, and act, and be precisely what these reformers are. If this is unreasonable, we must not expect that those who commence the great life-battle now, will hold the same rank and occupy the same position with the hero of a thousand victories. We may not hope that others will perform in an hour or a day what has cost us the labor of a life.

The man who is properly qualified for the office of a teacher, would never expect that all his pupils, irrespective of the diversities of age, previous opportunities, and mental qualifications, would advance with equal rapidity, and to the same point in a given time. He is aware that all the circum-

stances peculiar to each must exert their due influence, and in a greater or less degree control the result of his labors. Now to denounce a man as ignorant or dishonest because he ventures to go beyond, or to stop short of the point we occupy, evinces not merely an unamiable disposition, but imperfect moral consciousness, and a mournful poverty of the noblest gifts and graces.

It has been observed that in the rough stone as it comes from the quarry, there is concealed a beautiful statue, which but requires the effort of genius to bring it to light. The true artist has only to exert his power, and slowly but surely the breathing form will come forth from the solid rock, with grace in every limb, and the index of passion in every feature. So in man there is a beautiful spirit and a divine image, which may be developed into grand proportions and a God-like symmetry. If others do not at present realize our ideal, we must still labor patiently and skillfully to bring out the image—to develop the inherent qualities of goodness and perfection—and the fault will perchance be ours if we abandon the work before it is finished. For the reformer to complain of men because they are imperfect, is as inconsistent as for a sculptor to find fault with the stone because it is rough; and for a reformer to lose his patience, abuse mankind, and strive to make some men appear worse than they really are, exhibits a childishness only equaled by the artist who should disfigure the statue because it is unfinished, and he has neither the skill, industry, nor patience, to complete the work.

Nothing, it appears to us, can be more essential to success in the work of reform than an acquaintance with man—a correct perception and appreciation of the circumstances and conditions of being—a knowledge of his nature and the philosophy of mind. Without this knowledge we can not be eminently successful. Failing to adapt our communications to the capacity of other minds, or to direct our efforts with a wise reference to the existing conditions of men and things, we may struggle long and ardently, but in vain.

It is impossible to do much to reform a man unless we can first secure his confidence and win his esteem. This is not to be accomplished by a severe, restrictive, or coercive policy; not by addressing him in the language of the passions, for in such a case it can not be expected that the rational faculties will respond. To denounce a man in whom the selfish propensities have the preponderance, would be sure to defeat the best intended effort for his reformation. To speak in rude and offensive language to an angry man, in order to subdue his resentment, would be as absurd as to throw fuel on the flame we desire to extinguish. Every faculty or propensity has a spirit, a manner, and a language peculiar to itself; and each will invariably be responded to by the corresponding faculty in the person whom we address. Thus if we indulge in angry words we shall excite anger; if reason be permitted to speak, reason will respond; and if we employ the language of candor, humanity, and sympathy, we shall move, by a mysterious yet mighty energy, the invisible springs of divine action, and quicken into a more enlarged life the nobler faculties of the soul.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

HARTFORD, June 3, 1853.

BROTHER PARTRIDGE:

Yesterday morning, at the hour appointed, several hundred persons assembled at the Melodeon, in this city, and the Convention was organized by appointing Joseph Barker, of Ohio, President, J. K. Ingalls, New York, Vice-President, and O. A. Moore, Hartford, Secretary. The call of the convocation having been read by the President, Mr. A. J. Davis came forward and submitted the following resolution as the foundation of the remarks which he proposed to offer:

RESOLVED, That each mind, by virtue of its endowments, rights, and liberties, should "Prove all things, and hold fast that which is good."

I did not reach Hartford until one o'clock p.m., and, of course, did not hear the remarks of the Seer, but condense the following from the notes of one of the reporters:

The course of Nature is marked by vast and mighty changes, as all well know. In the lower departments of the physical world one set of circumstances continue till their motion is completed, when gradually they expire, and from their ashes a new order of things is born into existence. Every great and general improvement in the physical aspect of the globe, every majestic change in the nature of things, is preceded, is accompanied, and succeeded by some great announcement and startling demonstration. This is the way of the world outside of man. The formation of mountains was accompanied by the most terrible convulsions. From center to circumference the terrestrial ball is shaken—portions fall while others rise—the earth trembles and quakes, and so are made the lofty mountains, the beautiful valleys, the undulating landscape, and the ocean-bed. But terrible changes are never terrible in fact. Every alteration in Nature's domain is invariably succeeded by better circumstances, and it is only man's short-sightedness that hinders his perceptions of the future good from such alterations. So in the religious world, as in the physical, there are conditions of mind and organization, political, ecclesiastical, and otherwise, which demand a change, and he who interrogates rightly the page of progress, receives back the answer that, in the religious world, great and startling alterations have from time to time occurred, disturbing for the time being the whole body of mankind with paroxysms of apprehensions. But these changes are inevitable.

The object of this Convention is to explain and investigate the origin, the authority, and the influence of the Old and New Testaments. What a question for the Nineteenth Century! In the opinion of numerous well-meaning persons, I am aware, a convention with such an object before it can not be any thing else than an act of supererogation. They suppose the origin, authority, and influence of the Testaments to be as well established as the sun in the heavens. These are the questions of this age and for the age, because this age, more than every other, possesses the requisite information to answer the question. The miracle of Joshua could not be answered until the immutable laws of planetary harmony were discovered, and the cosmological theory could not be answered until the science of geology was developed; and as these sciences have now gained a footing among people, even so, for the first time, are the people prepared for the examination of the questions before this Convention.

In certain prudential minds there exist divers doubts respecting the utility of conventions, either as instruments of good or exponents of truth, more especially when called to the consideration of sacred things. Most people are educated to regard religion as too holy for matter of debate. The speaker went on to deny the authenticity of the Bible and the Christian religion. We pray work for liberty, continued he, for

human love, and for the kingdom of heaven upon earth, which must necessarily come after all sectarianism is forgotten.

In conclusion, I would say, we should free ourselves from the sectarianism of the Church, free ourselves from the mythology of the Bible, and free ourselves from the chains of superstition and bigotry. Reason, reason is the sovereign of the soul, and truth is the sovereign of reason. Prove all things, and hold fast that which is good.

At the conclusion of the address by Mr. Davis, a man arose at the opposite end of the hall and denounced the document just read as treasonable and blasphemous. His manner and language were violent, and his denunciations coarse and malignant. [I may here remark that this person made his appearance in the afternoon session, when he was pointed out to me. He proved to be an ex-clergyman of one of the Evangelical denominations of whom I had some knowledge several years ago. I have been informed that he was long since disfigured by the Church on account of his grossly intemperate habits.] Some confusion prevailed for a few moments, but order was restored, and the Convention adjourned till half-past 2 p.m.

EVENING SESSION.—The Convention assembled pursuant to adjournment and was called to order, when Mr. HENRY C. WRIGHT offered the following resolution and remarks:

RESOLVED, That the Bible, in some parts of the Old and New Testaments, sanctions injustice, concubinage, prostitution, oppression, war, plunder, and wholesale murder; and, therefore, the doctrine that the Bible, as a whole, originated, is false, and injurious to the social and spiritual growth and perfection of man.

I introduce that resolution that we may go at once into the merits of the question before this Convention. I have nothing to defend. I have no time or inclination to defend myself, for my business in this world is first to attack error, and then establish truth. The contest here is between the old idea and the new idea of the Bible. My charge against that book is specific, and my warfare against that book is, that God is made to sanction crime and immorality; and I am convinced the time will come when the immoral parts of that work will be repudiated, and the moral part adopted. This book purports to come from God, and, therefore, entitled to implicit confidence; but when I open it and find that it sanctions concubinage, bloodshed, murder, slavery, the whipping to death of men and women, and the stoning to death of children, I contend that those parts of the book are not worthy of credence. Can the Church and the clergy defend that book as to its divine origin—at least those parts of it which I have referred to? The book teaches and sanctions every wrong that a man can do against his fellow-being. The tribunal of the world is arraigned against that book, and Christendom is upon its trial; and if you will allow people to judge fairly of the matter, I am not afraid of the result.

Mr. FINNEY seconded the resolution.

The President here addressed the Convention in a protracted speech, which, to say the least, was characterized by great calmness and ability. This speech occupied an hour and a half or more, but we have only space, in these columns, for the following condensed report:

The common opinion is, that the book is of divine authority, and that whatever it inculcates as moral duty is binding upon the conscience of man. We have no proof of this. We have read all the books upon this subject, and heard arguments in its favor, but yet we believe that the Bible, as a whole, is mischievous in its consequences to society. The book bears the mark of imperfection upon its face, for take any edition, or copy of an edition, and we will prove that that copy has no authority. I hold a copy of the Scriptures in my hand, and I ask, is its testimony on matters of morality complete? No, for all theologians differ. If the advocate of predestination is worsted in the argument, he appeals, from the common translation, to the original Greek and Hebrew, and in the ordinary discourses made by clergymen they constantly make appeals, and no theologian will contend that the English Bible is of divine origin. Dr. Conquest, Dr. Bothrey, Alexander Campbell, and others, have published various editions of the Bible for their respective denominations, and all clergymen will tell you that the translation is still imperfect, and therefore is not an authoritative book.

Members of the Church of Rome may contend that their Vulgate is perfect; but it has been frequently amended, and therefore can not be perfect. Now where is the evidence that the Greek and Hebrew Testaments are authentic? The Greek and Hebrew Testaments consist of different readings; in fact, they all differ most materially. No minister can therefore contend that the Greek or Hebrew Testaments are authorities, for they all differ. We must go to the manuscripts. But do they agree? Do they contain the same books in the same forms? Where are the manuscripts and who kept them, and what proof have we that they have not been altered and changed? They have been altered, for those manuscripts vary in thirty thousand places in the New Testament. Sometimes the difference was only in a stop, but that very frequently fixes the sense; and a stop improperly placed creates an entirely different meaning, and, in many instances, there are great differences, for in some of them the divinity of Christ is upheld, and in others it is contradicted. Now, all those manuscripts can not be of divine authority, for they contradict each other. The originals have been lost, and we can not compare them. We are left, therefore, with a book of human authority, and the authors of some of those works were men of the most depraved character and conduct, and we must naturally distrust such a class of men. We have no book called the Bible, in any part of the world, excepting that which has been made by weak and imperfect men, and I defy any clergyman to stand forward and assert the contrary. Is it not possible to prove from the book itself that it is full of errors and inconsistencies, and repugnant to our sense of right, and even some of its advocates acknowledge that it contains many contradictions. Reading the Book of Genesis leads you to suppose that the whole of creation was brought into existence six thousand years ago; but the geological geologist will tell you that the heavens and the earth have been created more than sixty thousand years ago. Theologians tell you that it is the adaptation of ideas to vulgar minds, and that God spoke in such intelligible language to man. The statements in the common version are contrary to geological observations, and are not strictly and scientifically correct. This version of the creation, however, finds but few favorers, and no resource is left but that man should honestly acknowledge, until he can find a proper version of the Scriptures, that it contains error and revelations wrong.

A book that contradicts the sanctations of science is not fitting to rule any man. The Bible contains the strangest, the wildest, the most childish, and the most blasphemous representations of God that ever entered into the mind of man. God is represented as eating, drinking, and depending upon

reports from his servants as to what is going on in the world; for instance, in the case of Sodom and Gomorrah, he is made to say that he will go down and see himself. Again, he commanded Abraham to kill his son, which, if a spirit were to tell any of you to perform, you would think that spirit was not exactly what it ought to be. (Laughter.) This is attributing to God human imperfections; but many parts of the book make him commit injustice and cruelty. In the third chapter of Genesis, God is represented as inflicting pain upon all women because one disobeyed. Shall we believe that, because one woman transgressed, six thousand years ago, that all womankind should be subjected to pain in all time to come? Could God justly inflict a number of curses upon the whole world for the sin of one? The Bible itself teaches the contrary, and has sent forth a prophet to say that it shall not be thus, and that "the son shall not bear the iniquity of the father, nor the father of the son, but him that sinneth shall be punished." We insist that this book gives us slanderous and blasphemous representations of the character and being of God, and there is nothing wicked, base, and cruel in man that God is not represented as doing. The Bible sanctions polygamy, concubinage, theft, conjugal infidelity, bloodshed, and murder. Abraham was a polygamist, and God is said to have sanctioned it; and God is said to have had an especial favorite in David, who is referred to as a perfect pattern of morality; but he allowed David to have as many wives as he pleased. With respect to slavery, the greatest crime and the grossest curse in creation, does the Bible say that it is unjust and cruel—that it is inconsistent with the development of intellectuality and morality. No; but God is represented as subjecting one-third of the human race to slavery. He is represented as having given people to the Jews as an inheritance for themselves and their children forever. The Bible is with the Southerners in this matter, for it takes the side of the slaveholder. You all remember, in the accounts of Abraham, Joseph, and others, that they are said to have practiced lying, in the simple form, and they were not blamed for so doing. Polygamy is correct according to the Bible, and no man should be punished for it. The American Board of Missions and the Latter Day Saints have laid it down as a rule that polygamy is right, and that a man can take as many wives as he pleases; and to me it appears as clear as the light of heaven that they have Bible authority for this. David said, indignantly, at some one who had offended him, "Let his children be fatherless, and his wife a widow," etc. Did you ever hear a prayer like that out of the Bible? Can you find it in the Mormon Bible, the Koran, or Thomas Paine's works? If you found it in Paine's works, would you not say, what a hell that man's mind must be! But the Christian supposes it is all right because it is in the Bible.

Mr. George Storrs succeeded Mr. Barker, and spoke on the opposite side, in substance as follows:

Mr. GEORGE STORRS said—When a court is in session, or opens its session, and a person is brought before that court charged for a crime, it is important to understand, at the outset, by what law that person is to be convicted of crime. The Bible is arraigned here and charged with crime; but we have not yet been told by what law the Bible is to be tried. It certainly seems reasonable, if any individual is to be tried upon a charge, that he should not only have the charge specified, but it should be specified against what law he has transgressed. Now, supposing you find that the Bible sanctions murder, lying, theft, and all those things, by what law do you prove it wrong? Where is the law, I ask? That is the point I want you to answer before going further. You may stand here and talk of the wickedness of the Bible; but I ask you to put your hands upon the law which says those things are crimes. (Applause.) If that can be established to the understanding of the audience, then we are prepared to go on and say whether the Bible is guilty of crime. I do not stand here to advocate every thing in our translation; but I wish to know upon what law it is to be tried. (Loud applause.)

Mr. WRIGHT—You call for a law, and you shall have it. (Applause.) I ask my friend Storrs, if he put his finger into the fire, and it is burned, does he ask where the law is by which he is commanded to keep out of the fire? (Applause.) If Brother Storrs cut his throat, will he ask for the law that forbids him to do so? If he were made a slave, would he stand up and ask the world for a law that forbids a man to make another a slave? (Applause.) I have this to say, in all frankness, if he has not something in here (placing his hand on his breast), that tells him that this is a sin—a damning sin—he is not a man; for upon every heart of man is written, by the finger of God, and incorporated into his being, the eternal law. (Loud applause.) It is a self-evident truth, not to be reasoned about at all. The law is in the soul of man. I believe in the existence of a God, and He is to me the essential law of my being, and the want of my nature, just as much as food, or air, or light, and I can no more be without God than I can be without these. (Applause.)

On motion, the Convention then adjourned until half-past seven o'clock.

I must here conclude for the present, but will endeavor to write you again to-morrow morning.

Faithfully thine,

S. B. BRITTAN.

HARTFORD, June 4th, 1853.

BROTHER PARTRIDGE:

I will now continue my account of the doings of the Convention.

THURSDAY EVENING SESSION.—The hour to which the Convention stood adjourned having arrived, William Green, Esq., of Hartford, took the chair, whereupon the following resolutions were presented by Mr. Wright:

RESOLVED, That God has given to man a rule of life by which, if he lives, he will be just what God designed he should be; and that law is incorporated into the physical, intellectual, social, and spiritual nature of every human being.

RESOLVED, That, if men are to prove all things, and only to hold that which is good, then, any Bible or religion, church or ministry, that defends or apologizes for slavery, war, oppressive governments, or any form of despotism or tyranny, secular or spiritual, governmental or individual, is to be especially examined, discussed, and approved or condemned, according as those sins or systems which they defend shall be found at variance with the nature of man, and destructive of the happiness of the universe.

Rev. Mr. TURNER addressed the Convention, in substance as follows: The views I entertain of public discussion are very literal, and I am far from supposing that every man that calls the Bible in question is a designing man. I have for years been impressed with the idea, that many of the closest thinkers have become skeptical upon the truthfulness of the Bible, from the fact that it has, in the hands of the clergy, been forced to prove what was not written within its sacred leaves. Hence, I am willing, as an individual, that the truthfulness of the Bible should be discussed; but still, with my brother who spoke upon the same side of the question, I insist on the law by which the Bible is to be tried. My friend here, upon the other side of the question (Mr. Wright), has defined that law. We are told that the standard by which it is to be judged is within the breast; or, in other words, incorporated in the very construction of the

human soul—that reason and conscience are to become the standard by which the Bible is to be tried upon the charges preferred against it, and of course the verdict is to be rendered by the reason and conscience of human beings. If this be a proper standard, Mr. President, I have no objection to submitting the Bible there; but I question the law. In the first place, if this be a law, by which the Bible is to be tried, and if it is the human soul, or mind of man, there is a law of right and wrong of sufficient authority to allow us to bring the Bible to that law, then that should be a universal law, for every human soul is called upon, in this case, to render a verdict, or to bear a part in erecting a standard by which the Bible is to be tried. Now, if the law of right and wrong is planted in the human breast, or human soul, or human organization, that law must be shown to be universal. Is there such a law in the human mind? Is there such a standard of right and wrong in all human souls? If such a law exists in the human mind, and that law is not dependent upon outward or external instruction, we should find such a standard of right and wrong existing among the heathen.

See *younger mother*, with her infant in her arms, on the banks of the Ganges, hurrying it to the monsters of the deep, believing that by *god's* anger is appeased; and yet my friends will say, that if a man in America were to do the same thing he must be a monster. Now, in the case of that mother, if there be a law of right and wrong implanted, how is it that the mother does the wrong with her child, and my brother in America does right? Does not that mother act according to the law of right implanted in her breast?

Human beings, in almost every age, have brought the Bible to the standard of their own judgments, and some have pronounced against it because it contained things which they deemed inconsistent with the law of right, but God's plan, as revealed in the Bible, and as we attempt to defend it, is adapted to his whole economy upon earth.

Rev. GEORGE STORRS spoke again, insisting that we could learn nothing from natural religion respecting the moral attributes of God, and that it was impossible to determine, from such evidence, whether there were millions of Gods, or but one. The speaker still demanded the law by which it was proposed to try the Bible.

Mr. WRIGHT made a forcible reply, in which he contended that the law was found in the common instincts of humanity, which were violated by many of the requisitions of the Bible, and especially of the Old Testament. At the conclusion of Mr. W.'s speech, of which we were unable to obtain any notes, the Convention adjourned until Friday morning, at 10 o'clock.

SECOND DAY'S PROCEEDINGS.

FRIDAY MORNING SESSION.—At the appointed hour the Convention reassembled, the President, Joseph Barker, Esq., of Ohio, in the chair.

Mr. DORRIS, of Newark, N. J., who had been appointed Vice-President of the Convention, in place of Mr. Ingalls (who was obliged to leave), appeared on the stand, and called up the following resolution, on which he delivered a forcible speech:

RESOLVED, That God has given to man a rule of life, by which, if he lives, he will be just what God designed he should be; and that law is incorporated into the physical, intellectual, social, and spiritual nature of every human being.

It is stated that the Bible is a book which authorizes crime, and that it represents God himself as perpetrating the most flagrant wrong. This is the charge against the Bible, which we ought kindly and candidly to consider. To prove these charges, the Bible's statements are taken up and examined, and they are found to disagree with the instinctive judgment of the human race. We have been asked to show the law before which we arraign this venerable old book; and this is a legitimate demand. Now for the law. In the resolution, it is contended that human nature contains the law, and that it is competent to judge for itself. I mean to refer to simple facts of Nature. And now what are some of those facts? I would instance that every blade of grass is a body, a being, an organism, which acts, and which action is regulated by a law, which law it does not learn from going to school with other blades of grass, but it does the thing by virtue of a law or tendency inherent in itself. Take the animal kingdom. The law that governs each animal is an essential part of its nature, and no creature can exist independently of the laws which regulate its existence. What is claimed in reference to the mind? It is said to be the highest part of our nature, which nobody can deny. Has the mind any thing to do? Does it act, or not? and is there a law within itself that makes it act? There can be no doubt of it, and I am so constituted that if a person takes a little child and dashes its brains out against a wall, I must say that the act is wrong. Does the Hindoo woman feel differently from what one of us would feel when she shows her children into the Ganges? By no means. But she does not follow the law of her nature—her maternal instinct, or affection. That would guide her aright were its dictates obeyed, but its promptings are silenced by the arbitrary authority and dominion of superstition. She is still actuated by a righteous purpose—her object is to gain God's favor, and to secure so great a boon she is willing to sacrifice her own child!

Rev. Mr. DANFORTH, of Boston, succeeded Mr. Dorris. It was understood to be his object to speak in defense of the Bible, but his disjointed ideas were so irrelevant, and without so vaguely expressed, as to illustrate any other subject quite as well as the one before the Convention. After Mr. Danforth resumed his seat, some desultory remarks followed from different speakers, and the Convention adjourned until half-past two, p.m.

AFTERNOON SESSION.—The President called the Convention to order, and introduced Mr. GARRISON, who offered the following resolutions, and announced his intention of speaking on the same at a subsequent session of the Convention:

RESOLVED, That the doctrine of the American church and priesthood, that the Bible is the word of God—that whatever it contains was given by Divine inspiration—and that it is the only rule of faith and practice—is self-evidently absurd; exceedingly injurious both to the intellect and soul; highly pernicious in its application; and a stumbling-block in the way of human redemption.

RESOLVED, That this doctrine has too long been held as a potent weapon in the hands of time-serving priests, to beat down the spirit of religious liberty, and to discourage scientific development, to subvert the interests of blind guides and false teachers, and to fill all Christendom with contention and strife, and, therefore, the time has come to declare its untruthfulness, and to unmask those who are guilty of its imposture.

RESOLVED, That the Word of God is not found, either within the folds of any book, or by ecclesiastical edict, but like its Divine Author, was before all books, and is everywhere present, and from everlasting to everlasting ever enunciating the same law, and requiring the same obedience—being quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword—the Bible itself being witness.

RESOLVED, That it is a secondary question as to when, where, or by whom, the books of the Old and New Testaments were written; but the primary and all-important question is, what do they teach and command? And in order to ascertain this, they are to be freely examined, and as readily accepted or rejected as any other books, according as they are found worthless or valuable.

RESOLVED, That it is the climax of audacity and impiety for this nation to receive the Bible as the inspired Word of God, and then to make a penal offense to give it to any of the millions who are held as chattel slaves on its soil, thus conspiring to make them miserable here and hereafter.

RESOLVED, That, judging them by their course of action toward all the reforms of the age, and their position in society, the clergy of this country, as a body, would as readily burn the Bible to-morrow, if public sentiment demanded it, and persecution and loss of character should be the result of disobedience, as to-day they are found earnest in their endeavors to inculcate the plenary inspiration of that book, in accordance with public sentiment.

During the deliberations of the afternoon, the advocates of the divine origin and infallible authority of the Bible offered nothing new. Parker Pillsbury delivered a speech which excited much interest and no little amusement with a large portion of the audience. The hell of our Puritan fathers was hauled "over the coals," and contrasted with the cool and comfortable state of things as taught now; but the sacred

fires were scarcely more intense and scathing than the scorching irony which ran like a stream of liquid lava through every part of Mr. Pillsbury's remarks.

Mr. Finney also addressed the Convention in a very able manner. He referred to the laws of Nature, the facts of human experience, to the simple Spiritualism of the uncivilized Indian, and cited several emphatic declarations recorded in the Bible to show that the religion of Nature may serve as a true guide. He disproved the assumption of Mr. Storrs, that no idea of the moral attributes of God and of the Christian ethics can be derived from any source but the Bible. Plato without that Book entertained and inculcated the doctrine of immortality, and Pythagoras taught the golden rule six hundred years before Christ. Mr. Finney, though not in his usual health, spoke with much energy and logical discrimination.

We were unable to obtain any notes of the speeches delivered during the afternoon of the second day, but those above noticed were the most remarkable.

The Convention adjourned at a late hour.

Thine, truly, S. B. BRITTAN.
[As the TELEGRAPH goes to press on Monday evening, we are obliged to defer the publication of the remainder of the proceedings until our next issue.]

Original Communications.

BROTHERHOOD.

BY C. D. STUART.

If ever feels the throbbing heart
One joy too much within its grasp,
Tis when, unknown, in stranger-land
It meets the warm and welcome clasp
Of hearts and hands, whose greeting proves
That rolling seas and deserts wide,
Though swept by tempest fierce and high,
Can not the kin in heart divide.

And all the heart can do is own
How poor and weak are words to tell
The joy which can not all forget
It heard on other shores, Farewell!
O what are seas and desert sand!
The wanderer's heart shall still rejoice
Where'er is clasped the welcome hand,
Where'er is heard the welcome voice.

MODEL DWELLINGS.

At the first glance, it would seem that the science of architecture and ventilation compassed the whole subject of model dwellings. More than one attempt to establish such dwellings has been made, with no higher consideration of what is necessary to a happy and harmonious colony of families under one roof, than the fact that a commodious shelter must be provided. Such attempts have failed, and eternally will fail, to improve the condition of tenants. It is, of course, requisite that the shelter be had, and that it be commodious and good; but with all this, and never so fine a division of suites of apartments, etc., unless the larger requisite of similarity in class, character, and sympathy of colonists be considered, all model dwellings will be pandemoniums—nothing else! This fact has not yet been taken into account. The capitalists who have at times gone into model-house building, have only thought how they could decently get most tenants under a roof, irrespective of character, beyond their ability to pay rent. The early and natural result has been a worse state of discord and misery than existed when the colonists separately occupied each his cellar or garret, or "rear" cabin.

The model building system, to mean any thing and succeed, must cease to be a "philanthropic," so-called, operation. Capitalists must take hold of the work as a matter of business, and while they see that more profit can be made at greatly reduced rents, with model dwellings properly constructed and supervised, they must also comprehend that, to make the occupancy of them harmonious and permanent, the tenants must come together upon some stronger principle of attraction than cheap rents alone. Model dwellings must not be made to cover whole blocks, but must be reduced to city-lot size. A dwelling of such size, divided into more or less commodious family suites of rooms, equally supplied with conveniences, in the hands of a discriminating agent, would at once find its little colony of tenants sympathizing in class, condition, etc. A little fraternal republic would at once be established. In this model dwelling may reside a colony of widows and their children, say of the mercantile class, reduced to require the greatest economy in living. Here no offensive contacts can take place. Next door, in model dwelling number two, may reside quite another class, and in this may model dwellings attain something better even than a good shelter and cheaper rent, for the poor or hard-tolling.

It is a fact that the rise of rents and the ill-construction of tenements are, from year to year, driving the most thrifty and desirable of our mechanics, artisans, and working population from our city. They will go to the suburbs and manage to compass little cottages of their own, rather than pay such rents and live in such dwellings as now disgrace our civilization. It is the interest of the whole community to stop this drain of our life-blood, and it can only be done by furnishing the poorer classes with better, and at the same time cheaper, tenements. Such is the idea that has actuated Mr. R. K. Haight, an old and wealthy citizen, who has begun the work of constructing really "model dwellings." He has compassed the philosophy set forth in this article, and while giving better and cheaper places of shelter, he has taken his stand against colonizing discordant elements under the same roof. He will have likes and kinds consort together, and his plan is found to work so admirably that it will be extensively followed. He has his dwellings built on lots 25 feet by 100; divided into comfortable and even elegant suites of rooms, comprising all that are necessary to a family, while one suite is reserved for a housekeeper and servants, whose business it is to keep all the public passages and places clean and in order, answer the door, etc. This is getting at model dwellings to some effect. Others are already preparing to follow Mr. Haight's plan. Mr. H's first essay is in Thirty-seventh Street, near Eighth Avenue, and while he has calculated on an interest of only six or seven per cent., and has reduced rental, considering comfort furnished, fifty per cent. or more, he will have no house tenanted by diverse elements. He comprehends the truth, that this diversity must be avoided to render tenements model, or model dwellings permanent.

C. D. S.

If we would know what we truly believe, let us study our own actions. These are the true interpreters of faith. Our words, our theories, however high sounding they may be, fall dead to the ground when they produce none of the fruits of a tangible good. Our deeds, then, are the unquestionable exponents of our creed; and the true life is the only true gospel.

MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRITS.

A PRACTICAL LESSON FROM SPIRITS.

BY M. R. RANDALL, MEDIUM.

"There is a time for all things," and the thing to be most appropriately taught at the present time is Moral Integrity. Truthfulness and simplicity of purpose, if perseveringly pursued, are sure to bring their legitimate reward. Error and presumption may seem successful for a limited period, but can never finally triumph over simple truth; for, in the language of another, who within a short time has held sweet Spiritual converse with you—"error is mortal and can not live, while truth is immortal and can not die." There is no subject of more vital importance to the present condition of man than the comparative practicability of truth and error. While error assumes great importance, beauty, purity, and sublimity, and hustles about for superiority, truth is modest, quiet, unostentatious, uncomplaining, but, in its very simplicity, it is pure, beautiful, lovely, permanent, bowing its gentle head meekly beneath the noisy blasts of error, but ready to rise again with renewed vigor after every new attempt to weaken and destroy its power.

Nothing now visible to the inhabitants of earth affords a better illustration of this distinction between truth and error than the present condition and acceptance of the more recent developments in Spiritual science. While bustling, presuming opposition is expending all its ingenuity in fruitless attempts to destroy this new-born child of heaven, still on and on it moves, now bowing its stricken head to this, and now to that malevolent attack, but never for a moment dismayed or turned aside from its God-like mission, to save and bless the children of man by pointing them in the sure path to present and future unending and ever-increasing life and happiness. Our co-workers in this glorious plan are made to suffer ridicule, censure, and every species of abuse; but, oh! you gross ones of earth, you can not yet know how harmless are all your misuses against those who are fortified in the new faith. Your violence is but as a phantom held up before him who knows no fear. You have power to get in his path and retard and amply him for a time, but you can not turn him aside from his fixed purpose, and the greater your opposition, the greater will be his efforts to sustain his onward course. Those who would oppose these manifestations bring such weapons as to themselves seem formidable, forgetting—or, rather, not knowing—that those whom they would crush are clothed in a new light, which possesses the power to charm all their deformities of action into useful and beautiful lessons. While the upper currents are black and cheerless, down in the inner depths there is a work of purification going on which will, ere long, manifest itself in an outer, unmistakable movement of vast magnitude and beauty, when "Death shall be swallowed up in victory"—Life.

Man has for ages groped on in darkness and comparative death, simply because he has not been sufficiently unfolded to appreciate the greater light. It is not that he would "choose darkness rather than light," did he appreciate truth, but he chooses, or practices darkness from an ignorance of light. Angelic hosts have now come to the rescue. Man's eyes are soon to be opened to the beauties of the inner life, and he shall stand forth to know himself as he is known and read by those who have passed before to the brighter condition. It has been beautifully said that, "man, as seen by man, is but man; but, as seen by the angelic hosts, man is a jewel to be prepared for the diadem on high." Man is not that creeping, crawling worm which he seems to his unenlightened self, to wriggle upon the earth for a day, and then go down to worse than nothingness. Oh, no! he carries within his rough exterior a gem of priceless worth, which has no affinity with grossness, and can never be mingled or destroyed by the impurities of earth. However smothered its breathings may for a time seem to be, it is but gathering strength for its upward and onward course—heavenward are all its aspirations, and heavenward it must fly, the first moment of its release from its prison-house of clay. As well may the surging, heaving ocean be restrained within the limits of a nutshell, as the struggling thoughts of the disenthralled mind be limited to earth. Man bursts the bonds that would control him, and basks in the glorious freedom of immensity. Who shall stay the thunderbolt of heaven by opposing a puny arm of flesh? And yet, poor, blind man would chain a human thought, of which the lightning's speed is but a feeble type.

Then, oh! brother man, be instructed in wisdom and truth by us who have passed to the inner sight; learn to know thyself as thou art. Destroy not thyself by destroying thy fellow; for when thou doest this, the destruction is as transient as thine own darkness, and brings but misery and discomfort upon thyself. Then, turn—turn thyself to the light which is now struggling to pierce the dark recesses of thy gloom—yield to the genial influences and live, for know that death is but the darkness of an undeveloped mind. Then, resist not the gentle, loving hands that would now lead you upward to life, light, and love. Come, oh! come to the embrace of those who have been to you the loved and lost. Behold! here we are yearning to clasp you in our arms, and press you to our happy breasts; never, no, never more, to fear or doubt. Have we not given you sufficient evidence of our presence to excite in you a spirit of investigation? Do you not desire again to meet us? If so, then, why spurn our demonstrations? When you see all those who investigate our claims becoming satisfied that we are what we claim to be, why do you place your hands over your eyes and ears, saying virtually to us, "Begone, we will not see or hear you!" Dare you not trust the divinity within your own breasts to judge of us impartially by the evidence which we are prepared to give you? Do you not rather show a cowardly fear, than the bravery of immortal men, by thus refusing to hear us? Come up firmly to the investigation, and then if you fail to find and know us as we are, you are at least blameless. Daily, yea hourly, are we of the inner life pouring upon you evidences of our identity and love; but while the few believe and are made happy through our instruction, the many still stand proudly, coldly aloof, crying "Humbug and deception—electricity and demonism!" Some say that we are too simple in our manner of approach; some that we are too complicated and mysterious; but come up manfully to the work of examination, and we promise you to suit our evidence to the development of each examiner; but it is impossible that we should give to one such evidence as shall meet the necessities of all to whom it shall be reported. Then condemn us no longer unheard, but come and judge each for himself whether we are nonentities, mere imponderable, unintelligent elements, or wicked demons. I repeat, judge each for himself after a thorough examination, and by such judgment we are willing to abide. Do not send a priest to investigate for a whole

flock, but let the priest seek his own evidence, and each of the flock seek his own without the fear of the priest or people; for fear is the leader of tyrants, and blinds more eyes than all others. Cast aside all fear but the fear of losing the truth, and stand upon your own dignity as men, as immortal beings, responsible only to the great God of your existence, and all doubts shall soon be removed from your minds, and that pure light divine shall reveal all the now hidden mysteries of the soul.

ONE FOR MANY.

Woodstock, May 5, 1853.

A REMARKABLE DREAM.

The following interesting fact has been furnished by an esteemed friend in whose veracity we can fully rely:

Mrs. Thomas Smith, of Yonkers, Westchester County, on Thursday morning, the 12th instant, dreamed that the youngest of her two sons, a little boy aged between five and six years, was drowned and brought home; that the funeral of the child occurred; that she experienced all the grief she could have felt, had it been a real occurrence; but at the end of these sensations "a change came o'er the spirit of her dream," by some one telling her that the boy was not dead, but that he had been rescued by a sailor.

THE SEQUEL.

The next day after this dream, her oldest boy fell into a pond of water and got well wet, and as the mother's mind had been much harassed by the dream, her husband told her that the boy's falling into the pond was undoubtedly the fulfillment of her dream, and she was disposed to so regard it. But not so; for, on the following day, Saturday the 14th, the real fulfillment occurred as follows: Mrs. S. allowed the little boy (i. e., the youngest) to go with some other children to a neighbor's house where there was a wash-room, in which was a well of water, usually secured by a trap-door. The boy not knowing of the well, and running across the room, tumbled into the well, and rose the third time before the man of the house—a sloop captain—heard the alarm which the children raised, when he rushed to the well and caught the little fellow by his hands as he was sinking apparently for the last time. He drew him from the water when life was nearly extinct, but he soon recovered from the effects of the bath which so remarkably fulfilled his mother's dream.

I received the narrative of the dream and its fulfillment from the father of the child, who will substantiate the facts as stated.

T. T.

PROVERBS BY THE SPIRITS.

C. HAMMOND, MEDIUM.

CHAPTER III.

Tell thy friend the truth, and thy friend will not be harmed. Never have I known the truth to deceive a man, or right to wrong him.

Consider the works thine eyes have seen, and be not hasty to judge them evil.

Storms set the sea in motion, but after the storm cometh fair weather. As the storm is to the sea, so is anger in the contentious bosom to its peace.

Gentleness wins smiles; harshness begets sorrows; clouds shed tears; convulsions dissolve empires; but sympathy restores confidence, and light expels darkness.

Lay thy counsel gently before the sensitive, and give advice in tenderness. Say to thy friend, Have I harmed thee? Whereof is thy sorrow? And he will say to thee, Lo! these many years have I sought for friends, and found them not; therefore is my heart weary of life, and my soul disturbed with disappointment.

Then thou shalt say, Am I not thy friend? Take to thyself this garment, and when thou findest one of thy brethren in greater need than thyself, let not thy soul withhold the gift, and he will become thy friend; for by thy work he will know thy sincerity.

Try thy soul in the scale of mercy and love, and let thy test be satisfaction. Then, thou wilt not seek to find in another the integrity which is coveted but not possessed, but thou wilt make thyself what thou desirest thy brother to be, truthful and just.

Chasten thy spirit, lest it be proud; bow not to idols, lest thy soul be degraded; talk not about things unknown to thee, and wearisome to thy companions, lest thou betray thy own ignorance.

With length of days cometh warm weather, but not so with length of nights. He who rises with the light enjoys the sunshine of industry, but he who loveth darkness will not walk without misfortune. In the light truth is seen, but in the night the real is hidden; so man in the light may walk and not stumble, but in the night he falleth and is bruised. Tune thy harp to harmony, and melody will be in thy song; thy song will attract admirers, and thy admirers will be thy associates. He who plays on a discordant instrument drives away listeners, but he who chants sweetness invites worshippers. Harmony is music to the cultivated mind, but war is the discord of ungenial elements.

Study to know thyself; others will then see thee. He who meddles with another's rights is sure to neglect his own.

A true mirror reflects a correct likeness; not so with a false. He who represents another's face should perfect the mirror reflecting it. Let every man and woman be their own mirror, each unto himself. A deceitful man is a false mirror—false to himself and others—and they who look for truth in his soul will not find it.

Flowers need culture; so do the minds of men. Flowers bloom to die, and die to live. Art thou not a flower blooming to die and live again in a milder clime—a more beautiful garden?

Force provokes resistance; arbitrary will exercised over another is a violation of harmony; he who violates the law of harmony rebels against Nature and God. The rebellion is the reward of the rebel.

Policy is the slave of ignorance; it is the slave of pride, fashion, custom, wrong; it bends to all with a smile, and asks all to requite the kiss that betrays. He who serves policy often forgets right, and he who forgets right resorts to expedients to hide his own conscious shame.

The way of the deceitful is hedged with thorns, but the path of the upright is strewn with flowers.

Luxuries are Nature's gifts. He who giveth to all good things is not honored by him who monopolizes the gifts bestowed. Ease for one makes toil for another.

Beauty maketh many vain, because he who adores the face seldom sees the heart. The exterior may eclipse the real soul, for a garment may hide beauty as well as deformity.

Vice hath its hiding-place; virtue needs none.

Mischief thrives in concealment; wisdom by exposure.

Duplicity wears a cloak; but honesty needs none.

Falsehood hides in the castle of shame, but truth stands on the outer wall.

Modesty sits upon a throne; her adorers are many, but her servants few.

The man who speaks his own praise, speaks for himself, and yet it is against himself.

An idler seeks for ease, and nothing is the award of judgment.

Industry is good and ill—good when the useful and beneficent are sought, and ill when the vain and injurious.

Paths are sometimes rough and sometimes smooth; so with human life. Riches give ease, ease debility, debility want of enjoyment of the wealth. Poverty gives energy, and induces action, and action strength, and strength relies for what is useful to sustain man.

Religion is ease, idolatry is vexation; love is one, and fear the other.

Affinities unite; sympathy answers to sympathy; love to love; but he who loves not is not loved; he who fears what he loves not is condemned by his fears. They make his path uninviting; he kneels before his gods, and receives the scourge they inflict for his folly.

The drunken man curseth the earth when he meets it with his face; so the ignorant impute their own faults to the devil; but he who knows himself offers no excuse for his misdeeds, and, seeing the mote in his own mind, removes it with his own wisdom. Vain are the hopes of reform so long as man shall impute his vices to another, or deceive himself with the expectation of happiness because another is good.

EXPERIENCE AND MISSION OF A SPIRIT.

Communication from the Spirit of Mary Queen of Scots, through Mrs. Lowe, Medium, at D. Gano's, Cincinnati.

At a Circle, at D. Gano's, Cincinnati, Sept. 9, 1852, Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, presented herself, and was simultaneously observed by two Clairvoyant Mediums, Mrs. Lowe and Miss Meeker. She appeared to me and was described by them as having a form and features of uncommon beauty, even of Spirits. Her deportment was remarkable for dignity and grace. Some unimportant conversation was had with her, not discovering her name or identity until afterward, in a Circle, Sept. 12, 1852. Mrs. Lowe's attention was directed to the Spirit of Mary Queen of Scots by Miss Meeker, as is explained in the following communication, dictated by her through Mrs. Lowe: "Though my head was crowned, and wealth and affluence attended me, the lowest of the lowly were more happy than I. Though the path of earthly knowledge lay open to me, yet was my mind so shrouded in darkness, that my life was made miserable in extreme. I was susceptible to Spiritual influences, but not understanding them, I resisted their power. Strange, that I should not have learned my duty better; for I suffered from the hands of the tyrant and oppressor; from the baneful influence of envy and jealousy, I saw my friends turned into enemies—saw their love changed to hatred. I had wreaked upon me the foul spirit of revenge; for it was broken the dearest ties of earth. It was my fate to see all that was dear, all that I cherished, all that my heart loved, pass from earth in sorrow and despair. My life was made so wretched and loathsome, that I hailed death with joy, though I knew not whither I should go. My life was a mixture of good and evil, sometimes under the control of the most pure and holy influences, and at other times governed, not only by unseen influences that were not good, but also by the whims and caprices of those by whom I was surrounded. The path of duty was often clearly manifested to me, but I had not persistence of purpose enough in my nature to pursue it steadily and unflinchingly. My career was a mystery, which was never solved to myself, till I had stepped forth from the tenebrous of clay that surrounded me on earth. Then all was made clear, for the dark material no longer shrouded and obscured my internal vision. I then could plainly see the errors of my past life, and having seen them, I set myself earnestly to work to cast from my spirit the influences and impressions which they had made upon it. I have labored without ceasing, not only to elevate myself, but also to enlighten those I loved, and direct them in the path of duty, of knowledge, and of happiness. I have sought for Mediums, have mingled with Circles, but have never before been able to manifest myself so that I could be identified. I tried long to manifest myself here, but would not yet have been able, had I not assumed the garb I wore in lifetime. That drew the attention of the Mediums, and created in their minds a curiosity to know who I was; and while their attention was thus attracted, I was enabled to give my name. My mission as a Spirit is different from females. It is mine principally to make warfare on political evils, both in the old world and the new. By the by, my friends, your country is far from being free from those evils, for the same spirit of oppression that has crushed its millions in Europe is walking abroad, free and untrammelled, with the length and breadth of Columbus' fair dominions. Here it has assumed a different garb, but is the same in reality; the same spirit that crushes the laborer in England, that crushes the man without money, binds here in chains the bleeding limbs of Africa's sons and daughters, and renders, to the extent of its power, labor and honest industry disgraceful and disreputable; and if this spirit is not checked in its mad career, the continent of America will be politically divided against itself; and it is a maxim worthy to be remembered, that a house divided against itself must fall.

THE FORSAKEN.

BROTHER BRITTAN:

Will you do me the favor to take the guardianship of this foundling? Its paternity is not known.

On the fourth morning in April, 1853, as I journeyed alone, meditating on things in general, but nothing in particular, there was spread before me a multitude of names—among which were Juda, Pagan, Mahometan, Catholic, Protestant, Calvin, Baptist, Methodist, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Unitarian, Unitarian, Universal, Quaker, Shaker, Social, Commune, Spiritual, Natural, Material, and other names. And however different or antagonistic these Christian or first names were, they were all closely followed by one common cognomen, or family name—insomuch that they seemed all to belong to one family; and the many feuds, bickerings, and heart-burnings among them were but a common family quarrel. So closely were these names followed by the common cognomen, that they seemed, in most cases, actually grown together, like the Siamese Twins.

I said, "O, Lord! how is this?" And immediately I heard a voice from the interior, saying unto me, "Should not the taxes and the wheat grow together?" I said, "How long?" The voice said, "Until the harvest." And I was sorrowful for I understood not the thing.

Still meditating, I journeyed onward, until I came to a lonely chestnut-tree, that stood by the way-side, when the voice said, "Son of man, what seest thou?" I said "Chestnut-burns," for my look was downcast, as one in serious thought. The voice said, "What are those burns good for?" I said, "They are good for nothing." "But," said the voice, "they have been useful; they have been to the chestnuts what that cognomen (ism) has been to the precious Truth, contained more or less in those names. The *ism* covers and shields it from outward harm, until the time of the harvest of Truth.

I said, "When is the harvest?" The voice said, "Now; for the truth can no longer be concealed in such outer coverings. The frosts of Heaven have unlocked the *isms*, and the truth must come out; and whatever name holds on to its *ism*, will have nothing but *ism*, which is of no more value than those burns under your feet. Henceforth shall men gather truth and not *ism*, for *ism* can do no more good; and they that gather truth will be all one brotherhood."

"But," said I, "are all these names wrong? are not my people right?" And the voice said, "None are wholly right, and none are wholly wrong, except the common cognomen—that is wrong, and wholly wrong henceforth. Whatever society, community, or individual claims to be wholly right, shutting the eyes and stopping the ears against new light, except it come in accordance with their, his, or her, exclusive *ism*, is sectarian."

I said, "Are we to have the *naked* truth, henceforth?" The voice said, "Not the *naked* truth, for the truth shall, henceforth, be clad in the beautiful garments of meekness—a garment prepared by the Holy and Eternal Parents, Wisdom and Love. For such are the garments they wear; and with no other garment will truth be clothed henceforth."

I said, "O, Lord! are we all wrong?" And the voice said, "Wisdom and love are right; and so far as any square themselves by wisdom and love, they are the children of God." I said, "Let me have the *whole* truth, and no *ism*." I also said, "Will not my people put away their *ism*, and have the whole truth?" And the voice said, "That remains to be seen. It has been so in all past time, that they who have received the greatest, or latest truth, have most ensouled themselves in *ism*."

I said, "O, Lord! I pray for my people, that thou open their eyes to the truth, that they may put away their *ism*!" And the voice said, "We have already done more for your people, than for any other people. They must be willing to open their own eyes. They have been our people—it remains for them to settle the question whether they will *continue* to be our people. If they continue to be our people, they must do something they have not done yet."

I said, "Do tell my people what they must do." The voice said, "They have been told what *we* would have them to do, and they are slow. If they do as they have been told, they will be told more. You must wait a little while and you will see."

And I went my way sorrowing—saying, "O, my people! my people!" And then I wept.

There is no isolated life; there is no isolated motion. The feeble pulses in the heart of an infant have an affinity with all motion; and the lightest breath that hovers on his rosy lips, with all life. Every drop of water has its own particular motion—its own individual energy—while, at the same time, it partakes of the motion and energies of the ocean, as it circulates round the globe. The ocean partakes of the motion of the earth; the earth of that of the system to which it belongs—while the system itself moves with the revolving universe. So each ray of light, and each form of life, is associated, combined, and recombined, with higher, and still higher forms, through which the laws of the great Fountain of Life and Light, shine ever more clearly, operate ever more perfectly, until we reach the ultimate in Man, who, as he is a child of the common Father, is alike brother to all below him, and all above.

Fortunate is he to whom the faults of others serve but as a mirror in which to behold his own.

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1853.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

ADVERTISING.—THE TELEGRAPH is not intended to be a general advertising medium, and we do not especially solicit this kind of patronage. The Publishers will, however, insert a very limited number of advertisements, as circumstances will permit, always providing the subject to which it is proposed to invite public attention, is deemed compatible with the spirit and objects of the paper. All advertisements must be paid for in advance, at the rate of 15 cents per line, for the first insertion, and 8 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

CASSIUS M. CLAY.

At the late reception given to Mrs. Stowe, in London, a letter addressed to her by Cassius M. Clay, was read by Rev. Charles Beecher. Mr. Clay is known as an elegant and fearless advocate of negro emancipation; one who has battled for his cause on soil where slavery exists, and his letter was, of course, addressed to Mrs. Stowe with special reference to the slavery question. But we find in it some noble thoughts, worth pondering and remembering for their intrinsic beauty and force. Speaking of the sacrifice one must make who pleads (though for the right) an unpopular cause, Mr. Clay says:

"However much Providence has gifted me with iron purpose, the loss of caste in the social circle, in which we have been used to move, is hard; the obscurity, from which the most fervent ambition can not rescue us, is hard; the peril of good name, of life and limb is hard; but harder than all is the reflection that we are forever unappreciated by those for whom we sacrifice our all. For, if we fail, our memory perishes; the most melancholy idea of Siberian exile is the extinction of the name, when the burial-stone not even marks the ashes of the past. The history of mankind, therefore, presents but few instances of sacrifices for the inferior castes. The Gracchi fell in defense of the rights of the poor, and the winners in the contest branded their names with infamy, from which the late justice of history can hardly rescue them. It remained only to the Divine Messenger of our faith thus to suffer and to conquer."

Yes, the Divine Messenger was taunted for his association with the erring, sinning, and suffering, whom he came to bless and save. Of the difficulty in inducing men to do right, when worldly power and profit spring from doing wrong, Mr. Clay says:

"Can we persuade men to lay down power? Can the luxurious be induced to cease from luxury? Can the lame walk, or the blind see?"

"On the other hand, can we infuse spirit and manliness into hereditary dependence? Can we make men firm when their bread wastes away?"

To all men battling for the truth and right, however they may temporarily fail, Mr. Clay has the following brave thoughts:

"Still, we never give up the ship," because to give it up is to give up our idea of God; we can't give it up, because it would be to despair of all eventual elevation of the human race; we can't give it up, because our soul lives upon ideas of justice, of mercy, of truth. We perish with hunger, we must eat, and eat of them only. * * * * We trust in Providence, but we trust with our shoulder to the wheel. By agitation we prepare the minds of the ruling powers for change. * * * * *"

"To take care to keep untrammelled the freedom of speech, and the press, and be the trumpet-tongued messengers of truth to the conscience of mankind."

This is the way of Providence, the undying aspirations for the right in the hearts of all true men and women. This is the divine."

ANOTHER CONTRAST.—We may laugh as much as we please at what we fancy to be absurdity of the new doctrines of "Spiritual Manifestations," but there is a sufficient array of intelligence and learning on that side of the question, to make us pause and examine before we become too confident. We do not believe in it, but almost every day we hear of converts whose reputation, as men of knowledge and genius, has made their names familiar to us. The last distinguished convert we have seen recorded, is that of Sir EDWARD BELWIER LYTTON, the novelist—*Nigel's* Democrat.

Sir Edward's conversion to Spiritualism has been rumored for months past, and only a day or two since the London correspondent of the N. York Times, announced it as a settled fact. A writer in one of the British Reviews, says Belwier has been for a long time engaged in writing a book in which his Spiritual ideas will be set forth. We have refrained from comment upon this intelligence, until doubt should be set at rest. The conversion of the distinguished novelist is not remarkable to those who have studied the deep veins of his utterance in "Zanoni," and other of his popular works. It is, however, remarkable to those who can by no means be made to feel that there is any value in a persecuted Spiritual faith, equal to the social sacrifice such a man as Belwier must make, to enjoy that faith, openly and undisguisedly.

BREVE INSTINCT.—The St. Anthony's (Iowa) Express narrates a remarkable case of instinct in a horse. A gentleman who had a span of fine horses, that had become greatly attached to each other from having grown up and worked together, drove them on a fishing excursion to Lake Minnetonka. On reaching the lake, he took his horses from the carriage and tied them, several rods apart, on a strip of grass near the shore, and, leaving them to feed, returned to a shanty near to await the return of the fishing party from the lake. What ensued in point, we quote from the journal above mentioned:

"Not much time had elapsed before the sound of an approaching horse's feet attracted his attention, and a moment after one of his span appeared at the door. The animal put his head in, and, giving one neigh, returned at a slow gallop, yet under evident excitement, to the spot where, but a few moments before, he and his companion had been seemingly safely fastened. Surprised to find his horse loose, and struck with his singular conduct, Mr. A. immediately followed, and found the other lying in the water, entangled in the reeds, and struggling to keep his head from being submerged. While Mr. A. proceeded to disengage the unfortunate horse, his noble benefactor stood by manifesting the utmost solicitude and sympathy, and when his mate was extricated from his situation and again upon his feet on terra firma, the generous creature exhibited the most unquestionable signs of satisfaction and joy."

Such instinct and affection would do the largest credit to many a human head and heart. Men do not always reason and act as nobly.

TURKISH CUSTOMS AND SUPERSTITIONS.

One of the most extraordinary beliefs of the Turks is, that the soul of a deceased person is in agony until the body is interred. On this account they hurry it off from the place of demise to the grave as speedily as possible, and, indeed, it is a curious and horrifying spectacle to witness a corpse clad in sepulchral garments placed upon a litter, which is borne upon the shoulders of four men, who are hur

Interesting Misrellany.

THE LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.

I am all alone in my chamber now,
And the midnight hour is near;
And the faggot's crack and the clock's dull tick
Are the only sounds I hear.
And over my soul in its solitude,
Sweet feelings of gladness glide;
For my heart and my eyes are full when I think
Of the little boy that died.

I went one night to my father's house—
Went home to the dear one's all;
And softly I opened the garden gate,
And softly the door of the hall.
My mother came out to meet her son—
She kissed me, and then she sighed,
And her hand fell on my neck, and she wept
For the little boy that died.

I shall miss him when the flowers come
In the garden where he played;
I shall miss him more by the fireside,
When the flowers have all decayed.
I shall see his toys and his empty chair,
And the horse he used to ride;
And they will speak with a silent speech,
Of the little boy that died.

I shall see his little sister again
With her playmates about the door;
And I'll watch the children in their sports,
As I never did before.
And if in the group I see a child
That's dimpled and laughing-eyed,
I'll look to see if it may not be
The little boy that died.

We shall all go home to our Father's house—
To our Father's house in the skies,
Where the hope of our souls shall have no blight,
Our love no broken ties;
We'll roam on the banks of the river of peace,
And bathe in its blissful tide;
And one of the joys of our heaven shall be—
The little boy that died.

Tribune.

A VISION.

BY CHARLES WORTH.

I saw two children playing together in a field, where grass waved gracefully, flowers smiled beautifully, and trees shadowed with security and retirement. The children were very fair. They were twin daughters of a mother who had died ere they opened their eyes upon the world. She saw them just as her life was flickering to its extinction. Of the passionate, deep prayers for Heaven's blessing to be on them, which her mother had prompted, as she saw them abandoned to a world of coldness, heartlessness, and untruth!

Ah! ye beautiful innocent ones, so sprightly and joyous, in the May-time of your life, would I could read your future histories—that your transparent future in this life might be spared long enough for me to behold it. But that can not be; and I am passing on in destiny, and can not wait to see you as you will develop. I tremble at the lot that may be yours; for the earth has more of evil than good, and the Spirits above can not descend too low to influence you. May the Highest keep ye! As I looked upon them, I saw that they loved each other, and were susceptible to all high, pure influences.

Years were gone. I saw them again. They were still together, just ripening into girlhood; pure, free, poetic, true; both looked up to twin deals with aspiring gaze. They made me happy as I contemplated them. But I saw them surrounded by enemies of the worst possible kind, and I feared for them. So I whispered in their ears, "Be faithful to those ideals on which your eyes are fixed."

Again, years were gone. I saw them far apart. A rude, ignorant world had torn them asunder. One was still faithful to her highest thought, and was clothed with transcendent beauty of person and character. The other had submitted to be lured by flatterers who crawled on a level with her feet. She had cast her eye down from the serene height where highest impulses attract us, and its fire was pale. Time by time she had yielded, while her sister unflinchingly kept the faith of the deepest intuitions of her heart.

Another time, when they were in their prime, they appeared to me again. The faithful one was still more and more faithful, and was a model of a woman for a poet to love, a philosopher to fellowship, and the world to pattern after; while she who had let her eyes fall from *ecstasy* to the groveling earth, had become what we loathe to name—a blighted ruin, an eclipsed star paled into darkness.

Once again I saw them as they met; one to behold in the other a living ruin, a soul-wreck, an awful beson to the world, warning them to keep their aspirations burning, to light them upward and onward; never casting a look down to the ignis fatuus that lure to destruction.

Once more and last, I beheld them after they had awakened from this life to another. The faithful one had become a pure star in the serene blue heavens; the other was lying on the earth, begrimed in its filth, waiting for her lost youth, and her sold chastity, her blighted affections, her murdered hopes, and her withered aspirations.

What a glorious hope and faith the one inspired me with, while the other was the saddest sight my eyes ever wept over.
O youth! cherish, cherish in earliest faithfulness, in divine heroism, that ideal which will lead you upward to the perfect.

KOSSUTH.

On the 6th ultimo, at London, a superb edition of Shakespeare's works, purchased by the penny contribution of 10,000 Englishmen, was presented to Louis Kossuth. To the large audience gathered to witness the interesting ceremony, Kossuth made a lengthy and eloquent speech. We extract two fragments, which will be found worthy of the great Hungarian.

"The works of Shakespeare—a valuable treasure by the artistic execution itself, a noble specimen of English typographic art—the works of Shakespeare, of that mighty genius which cast its rays of instruction, ennobling sentiments, and of heart-burning delight, through centuries past, and centuries to come—those bright stars which pierce triumphantly even the gloom of our too material age, and the huster of which grows more radiant as age after age shows its darkness upon the grave of his mortal remains! Why, my Lord, there are associations of such a comprehensive nature attached to this gift, that, though it were the gift of one single generous friend, it would deserve to be taken for a treasure, and valued as such. But the merit of this gift is not compassed within these; there is a point yet, the chief one, the sound of which will gladden many a sad heart on the banks of the Danube, in my far native land, and that point, my Lord, is that these works of Shakespeare, here are the gift of 10,000 English working-men! Why, my Lord, that looks like something of public opinion, I dare say. Penny by penny, ennobled by the noblest title of property, hard, honest work, is a revelation of the people of England's feelings. To be sure those 10,000 working men, who thus honor me, are not yet the people of England. My Lord, that I know, but they are from the people, bone from its bone, and blood from its blood, who but think and feel as the people do, and can not otherwise think and feel just as the people do; the people which, in its uncorrupted spontaneous manifestations, was, is, and will always be, the purest revelation of mankind's divine origin; the people which, with its plain, natural aspirations, often points out a better direction policy, and is a more reliable guide to the most learned politicians, than all the contorted sophistry of twisted imagination, like as Shakespeare has drawn from the

lucid source of nature, more truth, more beauty, and a more instructing philosophy than all the scholastic controversy of his age could have taught him.

"Why, my Lord, has all this occurred to me on account of the little English I know, or in compliment of the foreign pronunciation which clashingly bursts the hearing of an Englishman? It is that I touched a chord to which there is a thrilling echo in the breast of every honest man. It is because my theme was liberty, the very word of which is enough to electrify man's heart, and to bring tears of joy, or tears of compassion, to his eyes. It was because I spoke of my country's virtues, and of its unmerited misfortune, and held up its bleeding image to the world—a theme which can not fail to move man's heart, to make his blood boil up with exhortation against tyrants, and with hatred against injustice and despotism—a theme sad enough to make the very stones in the street cry out for compassion, and for sympathy. The best thanks, in my opinion, are the pledge, which I give you in the name of my beloved people, that, hiding our time, we will endure sufferings, persecution, oppression, but we will not despair. No adversity shall bend our resolution to have our country restored to its national rights, and to see it once more independent and free. Tyrants may rage in blind fury, and decimate the patriots of Hungary; still, the day of redress and retribution shall come. Yes, my Lord, the hangman's rope may stifle the curse on the oppressor's head, which is mixed with the dying victim's last prayer, but no power on earth can prevent that curse to fall down on the oppressor's head, because there is a God in heaven, and there will be justice on earth. The blood from the patriot's heart, split at the tyrant's command, may deluge the soil of our fatherland, and dogs may lick up what there was mortal in that blood, but no power on earth can prevent its immortal atoms to mount to Almighty God—like as the blood of Abel did mount. The bodies of the martyrs may rot in the cold grave, a meat for the worms; but their immortal spirits will gather round the throne of the Eternal, praying for justice to their down-trodden native land; and there they stand, and their name is legion. I see them with the eyes of my soul. The prisons may be filled with new victims day by day, till thieves and felons have to be amnestied to get a place for persecuted patriots. Exiles may be spread over the wide world, some of them corrupted by long distress, others surrounded by lurking spies; and the people at home, those millions of unnamed demigods with immortal souls, and with sacred aspirations in their souls—they may drag silently their chains, with no tears more in their eyes, its source being outworn—with no curse on their lips to be dressed in words, for tis too deep. All this may be done—it is—and many things besides. There is no power on earth to make a man love his tyrant and hate his native land—no power on earth to make Hungary and Italy not to detest and to abhor the bloody, perfidious House of Austria. With that truth before our eyes, what contemptible mountebankery it is to see the despots and their henchmen assuming that, were it not for some so-called conspirators, Italy would love Austrian tyranny, and Hungary would get reconciled to its unutterable sufferings and wrongs. Conspirators! But, in the name of all that is sacred to man, those oppressors there, they are the conspirators against God, against humanity, against the peace of the world! It is they who make Europe boil like a volcano, and the Continent quake to the very foundation of society!"

THE JEWEL NOT LOST.

The black waters of the river of death were rolling sluggishly onward. There approached one whose features bore traces of anxiety and sorrow; and with a bowed form she gazed into the turbulent stream, as though she would find desecr something far down in its fathomless depths.

A being of benign and celestial aspect appeared at her side and said, "What seest thou, sorrowful one?" "Alas!" she answered, "I wore a sparkling jewel upon my bosom. It was no paltry bauble, but a monarch's gift, and invaluable. The wealth of India can yield none to match it. In an evil hour it dropped from its resting-place into this dark river. For a moment I saw it float near the brink, and stretched out my hand to regain it, but it was beyond my reach, and it sank down till I saw it no more. It is gone—lost forever!" And in deep gloom she turned to depart.

"Stay, mourner! Grieve not, but look again into the waters!" She looked, and a cry of joy burst from her lips: "It is there! I see it floating upon the dismal wave. Oh! shall it not be mine once more!" The answer came: "Nay, but thou art deceived. What thou seest is but the semblance of what was thine. Yet, turn thy eyes upward and rejoice!" She obeyed, and beheld a star gleaming from a bright spot of azure in the murky sky, whose rays give even the waves of that gloomy river a tinge of brightness, and whose reflection there she had mistaken for her own lost gem.

"Then came a tender and musical voice, as the beautiful appearance vanished: "Mourner, these restless billows, though fearful and dark to thee, roll up the gate of heaven. Ever faithful to their trust, they bore the jewel which was lent, not given to thee, to its rightful owner, the Monarch of Heaven; and transferred to his care, it will shine forever in his glorious resting-place."

The mourner departed with a countenance thoughtful, yet cheerful; her gaze no longer bent upon earth, or the river of death, but was meekly and trustfully raised to heaven.

And that star, beaming into her spirit with rays of hope and gladness, was ever after

A VOICE FROM HEAVEN.

I shine in the light of God!

His image stamps my brow!

Through the shadows of death my feet have trod;

I reign in glory now!

No breaking heart is here—

No keen and thrilling pain—

No wasted cheek where the frequent tear

Hath rolled and left its stain.

I have found the joys of heaven,

I am one of the angel band,

To my head a crown of gold is given,

And a harp is in my hand:

I have learned the song they sing

Whom Jesus hath set free,

And the glorious walls of heaven still ring

With the new-born melody.

No sin—no grief—no pain—

Safe in my happy home—

My fears all fled—my grief all slain,

My hour of triumph came!

Oh! friends of my mortal years,

The trusted and the true!

Ye are walking still through the vale of tears,

But I wait to welcome you!

Do I forget! Oh, no!

For memory's golden chain

Shall bind my heart to the hearts below,

'Till they meet in joy again;

Each link is strong and bright,

And life's electric flame

Flows freely down like a river of light,

To the world from which I came.

Do you mourn when another star

Shines out from the glittering sky!

Do you weep when the raging voice of war

Or the storm of conflict die!

Then why should your tears run down,

And your heart be sorely riven,

For another gem in the Saviour's crown,

And another soul in heaven?

ORIGIN OF FOOLSCAP.—Every school-boy knows what foolscap paper is, but we doubt whether one in a hundred, that daily use it, can tell why it was so called.

When Oliver Cromwell became Protector, after the execution of Charles I., he caused the stamp of the cap of liberty to be placed upon the paper used by the government. Soon after the restoration of Charles II., having occasion to use some paper for dispatches, some of this government paper was brought to him. On looking at and discovering the stamp, he inquired the meaning of it. On being told, he said, "Take it away, I'll have nothing to do with the fool's cap."

Thus originated the term "foolscap," which has since been applied to a size of writing paper, usually about sixteen by thirteen inches.

ARTIFICIAL STONE.—Owen Williams, of England, has just taken out a patent for the manufacture of artificial stone. The following ingredients are used in preparing it, 180 lbs. pitch, 44 gals. dead oil or creosote, 18 lbs. resin, 15 lbs. sulphur, 44 lbs. finely powdered lime, 180 lbs. gypsum, 25 cubic feet of sand, breeze, bricks, stone, or other hard materials broken to pieces, and passed through a half-inch sieve. The sulphur is first melted with about thirty pounds of pitch, after which the resin is added, then the remainder of the pitch with the lime and gypsum, which are introduced by degrees, and well stirred, and the dead oil is fit to be molded into blocks. In order to consolidate the blocks, pressure is applied to them in the molds. The patentee gives also the proportions of the above material to be used as a composition for laying pavements, as a cement for uniting to each other blocks of the first-named composition, when used for building purposes, and as a coating for bridges, the roofs of buildings, etc. The artificial stone hardens in about a week, when it becomes as stubborn as granite. The composition is not only a very durable, but a cheap one, it costing less to erect buildings out of this material than from the commonest kind of brick. A roadway, plastered with this material, becomes a smooth solid flooring of rock in about ten days.—*Golden Era.*

Faith is the centripetal and Reason the centrifugal force of the soul. By the single operation of the first, we should drop directly to the center, and thus become forever inert; while, by the unmodified power of the latter, we should fly off into a region of coldness, and doubt, and barren gloom; but, by the perfectly balanced forces of the two, a clear and beautiful circle is produced.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE SHEKINAH—VOLUME II. PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

This work, edited by S. B. Brittan, is the only Magazine in the United States which is devoted to an inquiry into the Laws of the Spiritual Universe. It treats especially of the philosophy of Vital, Mental, and Spiritual Phenomena, and presents, as far as possible, a classification of the various Psychological Conditions and Manifestations now attracting attention in Europe and America. The following will indicate distinctly the prominent features of the work:

1. LIVES OF THE SEERS AND REFORMERS. Each number of The Shekinah will contain a biographical sketch of some prominent SEER, distinguished Reformer, or eminent Spiritualist. In the selection of subjects for this department we shall observe no restricted limits, nor regard with undue partiality any particular sect, party, or class. These biographical sketches will each be accompanied with an elegant portrait of the subject, engraved on steel, expressly for THE SHEKINAH.
2. ELEMENTS OF SPIRITUAL SCIENCE. Containing the Editor's Philosophy of the Soul, its relations, susceptibilities, and powers, illustrated by numerous facts and experiments.
3. CLASSIFICATION OF SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA. Embracing concise statements of the more important facts which belong to the department of modern mystical science.
4. PSYCHOMETRICAL SKETCHES. These sketches of LIVING CHARACTERS are given by a Lady while in the waking state, who derives her impressions by holding a letter from the unknown person against her forehead.
5. ESSAYS ON IMPORTANT QUESTIONS OF SOCIAL AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.
6. ORIGINAL POETRY AND MUSIC.
7. REVIEWS.—Especially of such works as illustrate the progress of the world in natural, political, social, and spiritual science.

CONTRIBUTORS.—Rev. James Richardson, Jr.; O. W. Wight; C. D. Stuart; Horace Greeley; Hon. J. W. Edmonds; V. A. Taylor; J. K. Ingalls; D. McMahon, Jr.; Wm. Williams; Señor Adas Calpe; W. S. Courtney; Frances H. Green; Sarah Helen Whitman; Annette Bishop; Mrs. Lucy A. Millington; Mrs. S. S. Smith; Henry Clay Preuss, and others.

The contents of The Shekinah will be wholly ORIGINAL, and its mechanical and artistic execution will be second to no Magazine in the world. Shall it have a patronage worthy of its objects and its character!

TERMS.—The Shekinah will hereafter be issued Monthly, at \$3 00 per annum, or \$1 50 for one complete Volume, to be finished in six months. The year's subscription will thus form two Volumes, containing some six hundred pages of the letter-press, and twelve Portraits. Hereafter the work will be forwarded to no one until the subscription is paid. A discount of 25 per cent. will be made to Booksellers and Periodical Agents, but the cash must accompany the order.

Address, PARTRIDGE & BRITTAN, No. 300 Broadway, New York.

AT PRIVATE SALE,

A valuable property, consisting of a good house and about half an acre of ground, situated in the beautiful city of Bridgeport, Conn., and within five minutes' walk of the New York and New Haven, the Naugatuck and Housatonic Railroad Depôts. The grounds are ornamented with large elms, and there are, also, on the premises a number of fruit trees—Apples, Pears, Quinces, Peaches, Cherries, etc., with a variety of plants and shrubbery.

The house was erected but a few years since: it contains ten rooms, and is now in complete repair. Under a large elm by the door is a never-failing spring, from which the house is supplied with excellent water. The terms of commutation between this city and Bridgeport are now but \$70 per annum, and any gentleman who has business in New York that neither requires his personal attention before nine or ten o'clock in the morning nor after four or five in the afternoon, will find this a most desirable residence. The interest of the required investment, together with the annual commutation, will be found to be several hundred dollars less than a New York City rent.

Apply to S. B. BRITTAN, No. 300 Broadway.

H. C. GORDON, PSYCHO-MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN, has removed from Springfield, Mass., to No. 103 North-fifth street, Philadelphia, where he continues to make Clairvoyant examinations, with the diagnosis and therapeutic suggestions applicable to each case.

When conditions render it impossible for the patient to be present, the examination may be made through such agency as will bring the Clairvoyant in contact with the sphere of the patient, as a lock of hair, etc.

TERMS.—Examination and prescription, \$5 00
By agency, 10 00
Each additional prescription, 3 00

WATER-CURE AND FEMALE SCHOOL at Forest City, Tompkins Co., N. Y., near Ithaca.

This Institution has every facility for the pleasant, safe, and efficient treatment of the sick. The rooms are pleasant, ventilated, and well furnished. Gymnasium and bowling saloon are completed. The female department is under the management of Mrs. Stephens—an educated Hydropathic Physician.

The Young Ladies' Institute commences the first Monday in May, and continues 12 weeks, with one month's vacation. In this school health is made the basis of all progress. Pupils receive such treatment as their health and future happiness demand. The usual studies are taught. For board, tuition, etc., \$50 per term, in advance.

Dr. W. M. Stevens, A.M., teacher of Mathematics, History, Languages, etc. Mrs. J. P. Stevens, teacher of Anatomy, Physiology, Calisthenics, etc. Miss C. E. Youngs, teacher of Botany, Drawing, Geography, etc. Forest City, Tompkins Co., N. Y. 6m.

BOSTON PIANOS.—T. GILBERT & Co., the celebrated manufacturers of pianofortes, and owners of the Eolian patent right, in order to better accommodate their Southern and Western customers, have made arrangements with HORACE WATERS, 333 Broadway, New York, the large and extensive publisher of music, to supply the trade, wholesale and retail, at manufacturer's prices. In consequence of the increased demand and unrivaled popularity of T. G. & Co.'s pianos, the subscriber has been obliged to take the large and spacious store above named, in connection with a part of the warehouse he has occupied for the past two years. This enables him to keep the largest assortment of pianos to be found in the city, and also to supply the trade. These pianos have the metallic frame, and will stand any climate. T. G. & Co. have recently got out a new scale to their pianos, which is superior in power and depth of tone to anything that has ever before been presented to the public. Every instrument warranted to give satisfaction, or the purchase-money refunded. Second-hand pianos at great bargains. Prices from \$40 to \$150. Music at wholesale and retail. Dealers supplied on the most liberal terms. Pianos to let. HORACE WATERS.

No. 333 Broadway, corner of Anthony street.

Partridge & Brittan's Spiritual Library.

OUR LIST OF BOOKS

Embraces all the principal works devoted to SPIRITUALISM, whether published by ourselves or others, and will comprehend all works of value that may be issued hereafter. The reader's attention is particularly invited to those named below, all of which may be found at the Office of THE SPIRITUAL AND SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH. The reader will perceive that the price of each book in the list, and the amount of postage, if forwarded by mail, are annexed.

The Shekinah, Vol. I. By S. B. Brittan, Editor, and other writers, is devoted chiefly to an inquiry into the Spiritual Nature and Relations of MAN. It treats especially of the Philosophy of Vital, Mental, and Spiritual Phenomena, and contains interesting Facts and profound Exposition of the Psychological Conditions and Manifestations now attracting attention in Europe and America. This volume contains, in part, the Editor's Philosophy of the Soul; the interesting Visions of Hon. J. W. Edmonds; Lives and Portraits of Seers and Eminent Spiritualists; Fac-similes of Mystical Writings, in Foreign and Dead Languages, through E. P. Fowler, etc. Published by Partridge and Brittan. Bound in muslin, price \$2 50; elegantly bound in morocco, lettered and gilt in a style suitable for a gift book, price \$3 00; postage 34 cents.

Nature's Divine Revelations, etc. By A. J. Davis, the Clairvoyant. Price, \$2 00; postage, 45 cents.
The Great Harmonia, Vol. I. The Physician. By A. J. Davis. Price, \$1 25; postage, 30 cents.
The Great Harmonia, Vol. II, The Teacher. By A. J. Davis. Price, \$1 00; postage, 19 cents.
The Great Harmonia, Vol. III, The Seer. By A. J. Davis. Price, \$1 00; postage, 19 cents.
The Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse. By A. J. Davis. Price, 50 cents; postage, 9 cents.
The Philosophy of Special Providence. A Vision. By A. J. Davis. Price, 15 cents; postage, 3 cents.
The Celestial Telegraph. Or, secrets of the Life to Come, revealed through Magnetism; wherein the Existence, the Form, and the Occupation of the Soul after Separation from the Body are proved by many years' Experiments, by the means of electrical Bismuthic Plates, who had Eighty perceptions of Thirty-six Deceased Persons of various Conditions; a Description of them, their Conversation, etc., with proofs of their Existence in the Spiritual World. By L. A. Cahane. Published by Partridge & Brittan. Price, \$1 00; postage, 19 cents.

Familiar Spirits. And Spiritual Manifestations; being a Series of Articles by Dr. Enoch Pond, Professor in the Bangor Theological Seminary. With a Reply, by A. Bingham, Esq., of Boston. Price, 25 cents; postage 3 cents.

Night Side of Nature. Ghosts and Ghost Seers. By Catharine Crowe. Price, \$1 00; postage 20 cents.
Gregory's Lectures on Animal Magnetism. Price, \$1 00; postage, 17 cents.

The Macrocosm and Microcosm; Or, the Universe Without and the Universe Within. By William Fishbough. This volume comprehends only the first part, or the Universe Without. Paper, bound, price, 50 cents; muslin, 75 cents; postage, 12 cents.

Arrest, Trial, and Acquittal of Abby Warner, For Spirit-Rapping. By Dr. A. Underhill. Price, 12 cents; postage, 2 cents.

Physico-Physiological Researches. In the Dynamics of Magnetism, Electricity, Heat, Light, Crystallization, and Chemistry, in their relations to Vital Force. By Baron Charles Von Reichenbach. Complete from the German second edition; with the addition of a Preface and Critical Notes, by John Ashbarger, M.D.; third American Edition. Published by Partridge & Brittan at the reduced price of \$1 00; postage, 30 cents.

Spiritual Experience of Mrs. Lorin L. Platt, Medium. Price, 20 cents; postage, 3 cents.

Spirit-Manifestations: Being an Exposition of Facts, Principles, etc. By Rev. Adin Ballou. Price, 75 cents; postage, 11 cents.

Spiritual Intercourse. Containing Facts and the Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse. Price, 38 cents; postage, 6 cents.

The Spiritual Teacher. By Spirits of the Sixth Circle. R. P. Ambler, Medium. Price, 50 cents; postage, 7 cents.

Light From The Spirit World. Being written by the control of Spirits. Rev. Charles Hammond, Medium. Price, 75 cents; postage, 10 cents.

The Pilgrimage of Thomas Paine. Written by the Spirit of Thomas Paine, through C. Hammond, Medium. Published by Partridge and Brittan. Paper, price, 50 cents; muslin, 75 cents; postage, 12 cents.

Elements of Spiritual Philosophy. By R. P. Ambler, Medium. Price, 25 cents; postage, 4 cents.

Stilling's Pneumatology. Being a Reply to the Question, What Ought and Ought Not to be Believed or Disbelieved concerning Presentiments, Visions, and Apparitions according to Nature, Reason, and Scripture. Translated from the German; edited by Prof. George Bush. Published by Partridge & Brittan. Price, 50 cents; postage, 10 cents.

Voices from the Spirit-World. Isaac Post, Medium. Price, 50 cents; postage, 10 cents.

Dr. Esdaile's Natural and Mesmeric Clairvoyance. With the Practical Application of Mesmerism in Surgery and Medicine. (English edition.) Price, \$1 25; postage, 16 cents.

Also, Mesmerism in India. By the same Author. Price, 75 cents; postage, 13 cents.

Fascination. Or, the Philosophy of Charming. By John B. Newman, M.D. Price 40 cents; postage, 10 cents.

Shadow-Land; Or, the Seer. By Mrs. E. Oakes Smith. Price, 25 cents; postage 5 cents.

Supernatural Theology. Alleged Spiritual Manifestations. Price, 25 cents; postage 5 cents.

Messages from the Superior State. Communicated by John Murray, through J. M. Spear. Price, 50 cents; postage, 8 cents.

Love and Wisdom from the Spirit-World. By Jacob Harshman, writing Medium. Price, 60 cents; postage, 11 cents.

Secrets of Prevalent Intercourse. A Book of Facts and Revelations concerning the Inner Life of Man and a World of Spirits. By Justus Kerner. New Edition; published by Partridge & Brittan. Price, 38 cents; postage, 6 cents.

Philosophy of Mysterious Agents. Human and Mundane; or, The Dynamic Laws and Relations of Man. By E. C. Rogers. Bound; price, \$1 00; postage, 24 cents.

The Science of the Soul. By Haddock. Price, 25 cents; postage, 5 cents.

Sorcery and Magic. By Wright. Price, \$1 00; postage, 19 cents.

The Clairvoyant Family Physician. By Mrs. Tuttle. Paper, price 75 cents; muslin, \$1 00; postage, 10 cents.

Answers to Seventeen Objections Against Prevalent Intercourse. By John S. Adams. Published by Partridge & Brittan. Paper, price 25 cents; muslin, 38 cents; postage, 7 cents.

The Approaching Crisis: Being a Series of Dr. Bushnell's recent Lectures on Supernaturalism. By A. J. Davis. Published by Partridge & Brittan. Price, 50 cents; postage, 13 cents.

Practical Instruction in Animal Magnetism. By J. F. F. Deleuse. Price, \$1 00; postage, 16 cents.

Spirit-Minrel. A collection of Ninety familiar Tunes and Hymns, appropriate to Meetings for Spiritual Intercourse. Paper, 25 cents; muslin, 38 cents; postage, 6 cents.

Spirit-Oracles. Dictated by Spirits, for the use of Circles. By E. C. Henck, Medium. Price, muslin, 38 cents; postage, 6 cents.

Buchanan's Journal of Man. A Monthly Magazine, devoted to the new science of Anthropology, based upon experiments on the living brain, comprising an enlarged system of Phrenology, a new science of Cerebral Physiology, a new system of Phrenology, a new science of Sarcogeny, a mathematical science of Pathogeny; and illustrating the philosophy of Spiritualism, Mesmerism, Health, Disease, Education, and Universal Reform.

Philosophy of the Spirit-World. Rev. Charles Hammond, Medium. Published by Partridge & Brittan. Price, 63 cents; postage 12 cents.

Boecher's Report on the Spiritual Manifestations To the Congressional Association of New York and Brooklyn. Price, paper, 25 cents; muslin, 38 cents; postage, 3 and 6 cents.